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The MISGOVERNMENT *of the* MODERN CITY

By

CARTER H. HARRISON

Mayor of CHICAGO

A LARGE majority of the citizens of any American municipality desire to be well and honestly governed. A small number are content with any form of municipal government that is directly profitable to them and their interests. The hope for good municipal government rests upon the belief that education will awaken the first of these classes to a full realization of civic duty. The despair of thinking men is provoked by the content of the latter class to be dishonestly governed so long as dishonesty is profitable.

I confess that after more than two years' management of the affairs of the most rapidly growing municipality in this country, I fear for the character of future municipal government if education of the masses does not progress more rapidly than it has. We cannot have pure municipal government until the voting majority of every community takes a personal interest in all legislation, attends the primary with the same fidelity as the polls, understands existing laws, and displays deep concern in the acts of Legislatures, Common Councils and public officials.

While far removed from the Legislature which enacted the so-called Ford Law of New York State devising new methods of taxing corporations, I take it that no such drastic measure could have ever successfully been passed if there were not a deep-seated public conviction that it must.

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PUBLIC APATHY THE ROOT OF DISHONESTY

Legislatures will not be honest in the face of public apathy; Governors will not touch the public pulse if its beat is indistinct; Mayors will not respect public criticism if it is confined merely to the mouthings of parading "reform" organizations, too often devised to conceal the wolf's head under the skin of the lamb.

But within the last two years the Legislature of Illinois passed for the city of Chicago a Municipal Traction Company law so base in its purposes, so wanton a betrayal of popular rights, that the corporations which were to benefit by it were never able to secure its enforcement. The public conscience was educated by the corruption which attended the passage of the law, and raised so great a clamor that both of the great party organizations of the State were compelled to secure its repeal.

Yet there was never a moment when that law could have been enacted if the voter took the same interest in his legislation that he does in his daily bread, and I take it that it will be very difficult for him to secure his daily bread if his legislation is not right.

The city of Chicago contains to-day more population than did any State in the Union west of Lake Michigan in 1890. There is a single ward in the city of Chicago that contains more population than any city of the West, with the exception of ten. Here, then, is a gigantic problem of government, calling for the display of the highest honesty, the most sincere motives in public acts.

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UNFORTUNATE SOURCES OF LEGISLATION

Regretfully, though, as also in the case of nearly every important city in the United States, the legislation for such a population comes from two unfortunate sources. In using the term "unfortunate sources" I do not intend to say what might be considered "fortunate sources." I am only pointing out conditions as they are.

The legislation is devised and passed by a State Legislature and a municipal Common Council. Both bodies are meat and wine for the corporation element which to-day in our body politic is the most destructive factor of official honesty, and this corporation element represents an infinitesimally small minority of the whole body of voters. In truth, I doubt if the average corporation representative ever votes, unless, perchance, self-interest dictates such action.

THE RURAL LEGISLATOR'S PREJUDICES

Every State has at least its one great city, a financial and commercial centre, into which every year the agricultural communities hurl their young and old for better or worse. This municipality is regarded with strong sentiments of prejudice and bias by the country legislator whose vote is a necessity when municipal matters are pending in the House or Senate.

Living in a small community himself, unacquainted with the practical needs of a great municipality that holds on one street more population than his entire county possesses, he is prepared through ignorance to believe the worst said of the municipality and to ignore the encomiums. He is also imbued with the idea that legislation for the whole State means beneficial legislation for the single important municipality, when just the opposite is probably the case.

He desires to shift as much of the burden of taxation upon the city as he can possibly escape from, whether that shifting be just or not. He is therefore ripe—even though innocent of corrupt motives—for the machinations of the factor which desires for the municipality what is called corporation legislation.

THE CITY LEGISLATOR'S GREED AND CORRUPTION

In its turn, the city, through inattention of its voters to the primaries, lack of interest in the elections, chooses representatives eager to serve for the sole purpose of individual gain. The spawn of the municipality gain a large proportion of the legislative seats. They have but to ally their corrupt wits with the prejudices of the farmer legislator to insure an orgy in spoils that involves the open sale of the inherent rights of the people who make up the city.

I think in this analysis, and meaning that this state of affairs is as conspicuous in New York, Ohio, Minnesota or California as in Illinois, that I have made it plain where the municipal misgovernment of to-day starts. Unquestionably it is in the Legislature.

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WHY CITY COUNCILS ARE BAD

The corrupt legislation is passed and is transmitted to a Common Council of the city chosen by much the same methods which prevail in the election of legislators.

That this is true is evidenced in the fact that for the first time in twenty-five years Chicago this spring elected a Common Council which is above suspicion, which is composed of business men, and that this election, the first of its kind in a quarter of a century, was only possible through the public, the whole mass of the voters, having gone to the primaries and the polls and voted largely as their intelligence dictated.

The combination of a biased and corrupt Legislature with a corrupt Common Council, or, to be charitable, we will say a Council of low intelligence, offers to the corporations and to the illy disposed private capitalist favorable ground upon which to sow the seed of bribery. The bribe-giver, always more dangerous than the bribe-taker, has an opportunity created for him by the very people (the voters or citizens themselves) who are to be betrayed.

THE RULE OF BRIBE-GIVERS AND THE RULE OF CITIZENS

The first legislative act in Illinois that smacked of corruption, that apparently has given the street railway a lien upon the streets of Chicago for ninety-nine years from 1865, was passed over the veto of the War Governor of the State by representatives of Chicago and the State at large, for whose election the people alone were responsible.

It is believed that the courts, when the final test comes, will annul this act and redeem the streets, but for thirty-four years that cloud has rested upon the title to the streets of Chicago because of the betrayal of the highest interests of the city by the bribe-giver.

On the contrary, Detroit, which appears to be one of the most democratic cities in the country, as well as one of the best governed, after ten years' struggle on the part of the bribe-giver to force the passage of street railway franchise renewals, finds that through a quick public conscience, a universally keen public interest in all that is done by the authorities, that the bribe-giver is driven to the wall, and, acknowledging defeat, gladly offers to sell his properties to the people at a fair price.

An Alderman cannot be bribed where every man in his ward,

Carter H. Harrison

irrespective of party, is watching his public acts. A Mayor cannot be induced to sign unjust and dishonest ordinances when a united public opinion stands at his door and defies him to do the act. The price of municipal official honesty is eternal vigilance on the part of the citizen. Greed of gain has led corporations to speculate in the extreme necessities of municipal life—water, light, rapid transit.

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WHAT THE PEOPLE MAY LEARN FROM THE LOBBYISTS

The bribery of a Legislator, an Alderman, a Governor or a Mayor seems to this greed but a trifle compared with the immediate material profits to be had. The corporation consenting to this bribery is organized, possesses the first legal talent, understands every crook and quirk of good and bad laws, has a firm hand upon the political machinery of first this party and then that party, keeps chosen manipulators of primaries, leaders of caucuses, orators for conventions, employees in the public service, is prepared for every emergency.

Why should not the people pursue the same tactics since they have so much more at stake?

It is said that the fifty-year street railway franchise recently defeated in the Common Council of Chicago would have been immediately worth to the corporations interested in it, had it passed, $40,000,000. But to the people of Chicago its defeat was worth, if figures can be used for illustration, $100,000,000. And the instant they displayed the vigilance that a private capitalist would in looking after a $100,000,000 investment they won. Their defeat was an impossibility.

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CORPORATIONS PLAN TO CORRUPT CHARACTER

When the public understands that a corporation knows more about the personal character of the Mayor of a city than it does there will be a sudden awakening to the necessity of public vigilance.

The characters of Aldermen are carefully scrutinized long before their vote is solicited. The weak points and the strong points of officials are carefully gone over by financial interests desirous of favorable legislation. Faithful reports are made on the avenues by which the inborn honesty in every human being may be reached, weakened and conquered by wealth. There is not a corporation in the United States to-day that does not plan its campaigns in Legislatures and Councils upon the characters of the men who are to vote the measures up or down, and not upon the merits of the legislation desired. The weak sisters are set aside from the strong ones, the susceptible members from those of adamant, the bribeable from the non-bribeable. I comment upon this with no personal hostility toward corporations desiring legislation. It is a mere statement of fact. It is the "business" of the corporation to secure legislation in that manner even though in so doing it sows the terrible seeds of misgovernment and subornation of office.

Thus an eminent counselor of Chicago, called to act for a prominent street railway corporation at a handsome annual salary, was advised by the President of the company to "feel" certain Aldermen as to their position on a certain ordinance.

"But, my dear sir," protested the counselor, "I supposed that I was engaged to give you the benefit of my legal knowledge, not to manipulate Aldermen."

"You were engaged," was the frank reply, "to do business for us, and you ought to know what that means."

The counselor instantly resigned his position, much wiser as to what corporation needs were than he had been before.

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LOOK TO THE MORALS OF YOUR RULERS

I would comment that if the taxpayers manifested as much concern in the moral character of their rulers as the corporations do it would be next to impossible to corrupt men who hold office. The scrutiny of the character of men seeking office cannot be too close, for often a man who is honest in private life will not be honest in public life, just as the man who would not commit burglary nor highway robbery justifies an act of his which takes from a corporation something lawfully belonging to it.

I am free to say, though, that the corporations themselves are responsible for the existence of such a spirit. Had they from the start been one-half as honest and sincere as the common people strive to be, a more liberal spirit toward them would exist in every section of this country. They have been sowers of discord, dissension and dishonesty in too many instances for the people to easily forgive, as their eyes are opened.

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EVILS OF LOW SALARIES AND SHORT TERMS

The desire for more than a competency is in the breast of every healthy man. He wishes not merely to be even with the world in his finances, but to have a balance. Underpaid municipal officers are often led into dishonesty where the temptation would not have come if they were well paid. A corporation pays its chief counsel who manipulates its legislation through Councils and other bodies, $25,000 a year. A municipality, with far greater interests, having far greater wealth, pays its counsel, who is to be a guide and a protector, one-third or one-fifth of that sum, and expects him to profit upon it.

If one of the great railroads of the country can afford to give up $800,000 each year for legal guidance, what ought the city of Chicago, with over $5,000,000,000 of property values, to pay for legal counsel?

Again, terms of office are, as a rule, so short that the successful candidate, unless of more than ordinary moral calibre, feels that it is an impossibility for him to master the details of his official work during the period of his term, and that therefore he should bend his energies to making all of the money he can out of his position in order to recompense him for his loss of private business during the time he is removed from it on account of the office.

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THE TEMPTATIONS OF MEN IN OFFICE

He is morally wrong in taking this attitude, but that does not change the fact that he does. Were his term of office four, six or even eight years, his salary a just one, and it an impossibility for him to stand for reelection until he had been out of office at least one term, the bad feature of using his office for reelection, the insecurity of his present position, the necessity of always considering his financial condition, would be removed, and he would be a stronger, more capable and far more honest official.

It is an immoral proposition to ask the ordinary man to care faithfully for millions of public money and property on a two-year term of office and a picayune salary. It is an absurd proposition to have election to an Aldermanic office cost from $2000 to $10,000, the term be but one or two years, the salary $3 per meeting—as it was in Chicago—and have that Alderman remain honest. He may, but how many do?

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THE SACRED DUTIES OF CITIZENSHIP

But I must revert to my original position that after all is said municipal misgovernment as manifested to-day in nearly every large city of this country is mainly due to public indifference to the character of the men chosen for office and public apathy on the legislation they are to bring about. To me the duties of attending a primary, of being at a convention, of not missing the polls, of throwing a searchlight upon the characters of men nominated for office, are almost as sacred as those a man owes to his wife and his children. Conditions of life in the great cities have been made almost intolerable for large majorities by indifference, and what indifference has not accomplished in this direction the corporations have not overlooked.

I welcome into municipal life the corporation that, desiring legislation, boldly states what is wished for, enters the Mayor's office through the front door, meets the Aldermen in the sunlight, invites the most open discussion in the press, and from the public platform says to the taxpayers:

"This legislation is asked, sought on its merits. Let it stand or fall upon them."

Such a spectacle repeated once or twice in any one of our large cities would drive bribe-givers to their lairs, would shame the dishonest, would receive public applause, and would lead to a needed and closer drawing together of the public and corporate interests of the municipality.

We are all engaged in a common struggle to ameliorate the conditions of living. Millionaire, workingman, rulers and ruled have all but the one end—to make life as free as possible for all. The inevitable sweep of Time is upward, never toward the pit. Dishonesty is a stumbling-block in the way of this march of Time, but dishonesty is never possible where honest men have open eyes.

The problem of honest municipal government is as simple as A B C when those who formed the foundation of that government refuse to act until they see. Let the taxpayer take as deep an interest in the life and acts of his rulers as the corporation does, or the private individual with an ax to grind, and all the power of gold cannot keep officials from being honest to the people, their oaths, and their God.

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EDUCATING THE FUTURE CITIZEN

If it is asked how are the taxpayers to be aroused to this need of watchfulness, I would answer, through the public school system. Education in civic duties, civic work; civic watchfulness should be as much a part of the course of study in the grammar and high schools as the study of grammar and literature. I should not wait until the college or university age for the commencement of this work. I should start with the child in the seventh grade and keep it at him until he was of age. The result would be to send into citizenship a wide-awake, alert set of men and women, posted as to the taxation systems, familiar with municipal laws, eager to secure honesty in public service, fair-minded to the corporations but jealous of invasion of public rights, able to enter office with intelligence, despising the bribe-taker and pillorying the bribe-giver.

A few less frills in our public school system, and a little more teaching of common sense in the discharge of the duties of a citizen, would speedily fill our cities with men and women anxious to make life under government the broadest and freest possible for all—not for one or a class.

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MISTRESS SYLVIA

BY MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

With Pictures By George Gibbs

AND David Garrick was to play that night.

Richard III was the bill; but at ten o'clock came an express from Buckingham Palace announcing that their Majesties would attend the play, and commanding *Katharine and Petruchio*. The word was passed, and the whole company assembled at noon in the greenroom of Old Drury awaiting Mr. Garrick and Mistress Kitty Clive. Now, a sudden change of bill was very apt to upset Mistress Clive, the greatest vixen, as well as the best comic actress of all time; and when she was in her tempestuous moods Davy Garrick was not above hiding from her in his own theatre. It was a sight at those times to see Mistress Kitty storming about the playhouse, demanding to know where that "artful little wretch, Davy Garrick, is hiding," while poor Davy skulked in holes and corners, afraid to show his face. Nevertheless, Kitty Clive had a kind heart, and when she was in good humor was fond enough of Garrick, who called her then his "Clivey Pivey."

While we were waiting, I chanced to look toward the manager's dressing-room, and saw, through a crack in the door, Davy winking and blinking at me. I went to him, and he, closing and locking the door after me, took me to the window, and pointing down to the street, groaned:

"Noll, Noll, look at Kitty Clive!"

Mistress Clive was just descending from her chair, and one glance at her beautiful, angry face showed what kind of a humor she was in. She was rating her chairmen at the top of her voice—'twas a fine, ringing voice—and, flouncing into the playhouse, she disappeared for a moment and we heard her rushing up the stairs like a whirlwind. Then the door burst open, and she charged into the greenroom with an air but little inferior to that of the great Mrs. Siddons. Davy, meanwhile, had got down on his knees in his hiding-place, and had screwed one eye to a gimlet-hole in the door. I had softly removed the key and watched the proceedings through the keyhole. Kitty, without taking time to draw breath, glared about her and screamed:

"Where is that sneaking little rascal, Davy Garrick? Where is he, I say?"

She looked monstrous handsome, with her lovely eyes flashing and her cheeks as red as rouge.

Nobody answered her, but nobody dared to laugh. It was well understood that Mistress Clive hated the part of *Katharine*, because it set both the pit and the boxes to tittering—her infirmity of temper was not a fight and under a bushel. And it was also whispered that Garrick relished the part of *Petruchio*, and gave Mistress Clive all the thumps and whacks the part required; so these circumstances added to Kitty's choler.

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Everybody continuing silent, Mistress Clive burst forth again:

"Have none of you tongues? Here at eleven o'clock, at my lodgings, when I was having chocolate with my Lord Burlington and other persons of quality, comes a message from that crab, Davy Garrick, desiring me to attend a *rehearsal at once* for *Katharine*. When I left the playhouse last night I was to be *Lady Anne*—and I will not be *Katharine* to-night. No! I am not in the humor for *Katharine*," at which some of the people could not refrain from smiling behind their hands.

"I know why that wretch of a manager wants me to play *Katharine*. It is that he may throw me down and whack me about the stage to serve his own spite."

Just then, her back being turned, I slipped out of the closet, and Davy locked the door after me. As soon as she caught sight of me Mistress Kitty began shrilly:

"Here you are, Oliver Marsden! Why an't you weeping at a funeral instead of clowning it here?"

This was a cruel stab. The lowness of my fortune and the number of dependents on me was such that I eked out the poor living I made at the theatre at night by hiring myself as a professional mute at funerals in the day. Mistress Clive knew the hard necessity that drove me to this, and so her fling was most ungenerous.

"Because no man hath hired me," I replied with as good a front as I could muster. Mistress Clive, bent on being put out with the whole world, continued, still very angry:

"I believe you had a hand in having *Katharine* substituted for to-night, that you may do *Grumio*—a miserable part, which you act with as much force and spirit as a pudding-stick!"

"Mistress Clive," replied I firmly, "you yourself have told me that I did *Grumio* well."

"Did I? Then I have changed my mind. At all events, I desire you to go and tell your master, David Garrick, that I will not be haled about from one part to another like this."

"'Tis the custom of this playhouse, Madam," said I. "Perhaps you are thinking of quitting Mr. Garrick for his rivals at Covent Garden?"

"What!" she cried, "go away and leave him in peace? Not I! However, I will not play *Katharine* to-night."

"But, Mistress——"

"Not a word! I will not play it. I am ill. I am going home. I shall not return to the playhouse to-night," she cried, going.

"I am most sorry, Madam," replied I, "but the messenger probably failed to tell you that 'tis by the command of His Majesty the bill was changed—and the King and Queen and six Princesses will be here to-night."

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If you could have seen her! She dearly loved to play before royalty, and would have given twenty guineas out of her own pocket to have unsaid her words, but all she could do was to stand, changing color and tapping her little foot, and glowering at poor me; and then in a moment she was gone like a flash, too chagrined to speak a word. The people on the stage roared with laughing, and said: "This will be great for Mrs. Pritchard," who, many thought, was nearly as good an actress as Kitty Clive.

Again I saw Davy beckoning me into the closet, and when I got there he was quite pale.

"Noll," he said despairingly, "Pritchard is ill of a fever; I heard it on my way. 'Tis as much as my life is worth to give the part to any of the lesser actresses. Good Heavens, Noll, what am I to do?"

I stood for a moment paralyzed while Davy tore his hair. Then something flashed into my mind. "Sir," said I, "do you know anything of Mistress Sylvia Hungerford?"

"No—yes—yes—the girl who has lately set Dublin by the ears? But 'tis for to-night—to-night, man, that I must have a *Katharine!* and the Hungerford is in Dublin."

"Mistress Hungerford is in London. She is even at the house where I lodge—Mistress Bray's, in Hog Lane, Houndsditch."

"No! How came she there?"

"I know not. I think there is something secret about her. 'Tis a very humble, retired place, as you know. She came two or three days ago. I met her on the stairs once or twice, and, being struck by her beauty, I asked Mistress Bray who my fellow-lodger was. The good woman told me it was Mistress Hungerford, come to London, hoping for an engagement after her Dublin triumph; but she desired no one to be made acquainted with her lodging. However, if she is a human creature she will forgive me for telling her whereabouts if it brings her the opportunity to play *Katharine* to the *Petruchio* of David Garrick."

"Fetch her, Noll, fetch her, for Heaven's sake! Take a coach and fetch her!"

In five minutes I was rattling along in a hackney coach toward Houndsditch. On reaching the house I met face to face the lovely Hungerford, in her hat and sack, coming out with my good landlady, Mistress Bray.

"Madam," cried I, without any prelude, so desperate was the manager's case, "will you play *Katharine* to-night to the *Petruchio* of Mr. David Garrick, at Drury Lane playhouse, before their Majesties?"

The beautiful creature turned ashy pale and grasped good Bray.

"What is it I hear, sir?" she asked faintly.

I repeated it, and then I said to Mistress Bray:

"Let her not hesitate. 'Tis the chance of a lifetime. Here is the coach—get in."

The short of it is, that before Davy thought I could have got to Houndsditch I was back at Drury Lane with Mistress Sylvia Hungerford and good Bray. I had to smuggle them into Davy's den by a back way for fear the other actresses would have mobbed the poor young thing, but once there Davy was well enough pleased with what I had brought him.

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Sylvia's eyes were the color of the spring violets, and her fair hair rippling over her shoulders like a country maiden's was the loveliest sight ever beheld. Her figure was supple and slender, and as she was neither tall nor short she looked well by Davy, who was a little man.

"Now, my dear," said Davy, seeing she was pale and frightened, "forget that you are to play before the King—forget it, I say."

"Oh, Mr. Garrick," replied the dear girl artlessly, "'tis not the King I fear—but to play with Mr. David Garrick; oh me, oh me!"

This tickled Davy mightily, but it showed, I thought, that Sylvia had the right idea.

"Forget that, too," said David kindly, "and let us begin." I wish to say of David Garrick that on the stage he was the greatest man who ever lived, and in all that pertained to acting he was no less great. He had his weaknesses—we all knew them and laughed at them—but no man or woman, I think, could truly say that Garrick feared comparison or hesitated to impart all he could to actor or actress.

They went through the scene in the last act, where *Katharine* bids wives to be obedient, and from the moment that Sylvia opened her lips we saw she was an actress. So did Davy, for I saw him rubbing his hands—a sure sign he was pleased—and Mrs. Garrick coming to the door, Davy opened it and catching her in his arms cried:

"Be not disturbed, my own—we have a *Katharine!*"

Mistress Garrick was an Austrian, as we all know, and her speech showed it. "Oh, my lofe," she exclaimed, "I am so glad! And that naughty Keety Clife cannot vorry and vex you any more at all!"

Presently we sent the call-boy out, and we all went into the greenroom, where Davy, taking Mistress Sylvia's hand in his, said with his finest air:

"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present to you Mistress Hungerford, a young English lady who has lately had great success before the nobility and gentry in Dublin, and who plays to-night, in lieu of Mistress Pritchard, who is ill, and Mistress Clive, who is in the tantrums."

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Sylvia made the prettiest little bow imaginable, and all the ladies curtsied in return, but rather coldly. This, I think, was not because she had won the manager's favor, but because the men all smiled and bowed to her so admiringly.

The rehearsal then began. All was going smoothly when suddenly there was a great clatter and in marched a squad of young bucks—my Lord Beaumont, my Lord Netherby, and a half dozen others, with Captain Carstairs of the Guards, nephew and heir of Sir Roger Carstairs, at their head. This was a common enough thing, and annoyed us all very much, but Davy, who dearly loved the great, never would turn them out, and would let the whole rehearsal be interrupted while he was chatting with a nobleman, or letting the young blades about town tease the actresses.

The party having entered and seated themselves, Captain Carstairs called out: "'Sblood, Davy, let the play go on! We are not here to interrupt."

"Thanks, Captain," answered Davy; "we will proceed, with your permission, particularly as we have a new *Katharine* for to-night in place of Mistress Clive."

"She will be lucky if she gets through her part, then," replied my Lord Beaumont, laughing. "I have just left Kitty's lodgings, where the sweet thing is storming like a wild creature. She believes you played her a trick in not telling her in the beginning that the King had commanded *Katharine*, and is calling upon her friends to fill the pit to-night, and see that justice is done her, as she calls it—which I take to mean a riot in the playhouse."

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Davy turned pale—he had been through with one riot at Drury Lane that year, which cost him over a thousand pounds, and his own windows had been smashed. But he spoke up with spirit:

"All I can say, gentlemen, is that I am the manager of the Drury Lane playhouse, and not Mistress Clive, and Mistress Sylvia Hungerford plays *Katharine* this night as sure as my name is David Garrick."

"Right for you, Davy," cried Captain Carstairs, "and we will be here to do battle for Mistress Hungerford," which was rather doleful news for Garrick, as Mistress Sylvia's friends would be sure to do as much damage as Mistress Clive's.

The rehearsal was not long—'twas plain that Sylvia knew her part to perfection. Garrick was charmed, and whispered to me, "Now I can beat the long roll on that shrewish hussy, Kitty Clive." But Garrick was not the only man bewitched by Sylvia's grace and beauty. Captain Carstairs was infatuated with her from the very start. As soon as the rehearsal was over he gallantly offered to escort her to her hackney coach, thereby ousting me—but I was used to it, and trudged back to Hog Lane, comforting myself with the thought that I had gotten a London hearing for a deserving actress, and had done something to cut Mistress Kitty Clive's claws.

When I reached my lodgings there was Sylvia waiting for me on the stairs. The dear girl burst into tears, and seizing my hand, cried, "Dear Master Oliver, how can I thank you enough? Heaven bless you!"

"Wait until to-night," said I. "Have you ever been in a playhouse mêlée, Mistress Sylvia?"

"Oh, yes," answered Sylvia, smiling through her tears. "In Dublin sometimes they tear up the benches and put out the lights and threaten the manager's life—but they mean no harm. 'Tis only their pleasant way!"

"Very well," I replied. "Have your courage at hand, for Mistress Clive hath promised to make it warm for you to-night. She thinks the manager tricked her, when it was nothing but her own hot temper which brought her to this ridiculous pass."

"I am not afraid," calmly replied Sylvia, and I do not think she was.

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At half-past five we all, Sylvia included, assembled in the greenroom. Things looked ominous in the playhouse. The pit had been filled by four o'clock, and there were cries for Kitty Clive outside and inside the house. Mistress Clive herself had sent her footman to take possession of a box, and it was seen that she had no mind to give her rival a fair field. But what was worse, the King was very unpopular then, owing to his course toward the American Colonies, and it was feared that the rabble would take that occasion to insult his Majesty.

Poor Davy! It was piteous to see him. Mistress Garrick was there trying to comfort him, but Davy was very low, saying sadly, "My love, if there is anything that Kitty Clive can do to gall my gizzard, the hussy will do it—that you may depend on."

Just then the call-boy came running to say that the King's escort was turning the corner, and Davy, snatching up the two wax candles in silver candlesticks with which he was to light his Majesty to the royal box, ran away, and we all went on the stage to be ready to receive the King and Queen. When the curtain was raised and we were drawn up in a semicircle, I thought I had never seen Drury Lane so full or so tumultuous. The blazing of the diamonds put out the blazing of the lights. Davy was not saving of wax when royalty came. Next Mrs. Garrick's box was one in which Mistress Clive sat, with all her jewels on, fanning herself and smiling, while her eyes glittered with mischief. Then came the fanfare of trumpets, and Davy entered, walking backward with the wax candles, the King and Queen and six Princesses following, with the ladies and gentlemen in waiting; and the musicians struck up God Save the King. I noticed, though, that few persons joined us in singing the anthem, and there were sullen looks as well as silent tongues all over the house.

There were many friends of Kitty Clive's in the pit, and also Captain Carstairs and his party, who, I took it, were the ringleaders in the manager's party. And there was also Sir Roger Carstairs, a rich old curmudgeon who was saving up money for Captain Carstairs to make ducks and drakes of—but I must say, in justice to the Captain, that he was of a generous nature, and sowed his wild oats like a gentleman.

Sitting with the Captain's party was honest Jack Pocklington, a country squire with an impediment in his speech. He aspired to be an actor, and used to haunt the playhouse for that purpose, and Davy had no end of good-natured game out of him.

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The play went well enough until Sylvia's entrance. Then there was a deuce of an uproar. She stood pale and trembling, but determined. Finding they could not disconcert her by yells and cat-calls, they subsided and allowed her to proceed.

Alas, how poorly, how tamely she acted! I saw the gleam of Mistress Clive's smile as poor Sylvia walked through her part, the audience, too good-natured to hiss, laughing and jeering, the King looking tired, and the young Princesses yawning, and only the Queen sitting bolt upright and listening. Nothing under heaven could disconcert David Garrick on the stage, but I knew that he was suffering the tortures of the damned. The rest of us did as well as usual, and the people kindly gave me a hand at my entrance.

At last, in the second act, where *Petruchio* seizes *Katharine* and drags her off, Garrick caught poor Sylvia, and, giving her a tremendous whack, hissed to her under his breath:

"Act, you hussy, *act!*"

Never saw I a change so magic as came over Sylvia. The blow, the insult from gentle David Garrick, seemed to stun her for a moment. Then, turning to him, a current of life seemed to run through her slender form and illuminate her lovely face. Her eyes blazed; Kitty Clive in her most inspired moments never looked the beautiful shrew more than Sylvia at that instant. A great wave of color rushed to her face under the rouge and powder. She gave Garrick a look of concentrated scorn that was enough to annihilate him, and when her voice rang out, sweet yet sharp, and thrilling with anger, she was indeed *Katharine* the Shrew!

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She picked up the part, as it were, at that point, and acted it with a fire, a grace, a majesty that took the house by storm. Shouts of "Bravo! bravo!" rang from pit and boxes. Captain Carstairs stood up and thumped the bench with the hilt of his sword. Jack Pocklington stuttered and shouted "B-b-b-bravo!" The King waked up, the Queen smiled, and the play really began. But Madam Clive's supporters were not there to shout for Mistress Hungerford, and when they saw how things were going they began to hiss and bawl. In vain Garrick advanced and begged them to remember the royal presence. A voice in the gallery called out:

"Let George go home and read the news from America, if he does not like the play!"

This made a terrible commotion, and officers were called to arrest the man—but they could not find him. Meanwhile the King's enemies and the manager's enemies, too, seemed bent on making an uproar, and the racket was frightful. It was seen that the King's gentlemen were urging him to leave, but there was no running away in old George. He shook his head and sat immovable, while the people were yelling. Some of the benches were torn up, and several of the sconces were wrenched off, threatening to leave the theatre in darkness. The play came to a dead stop, while Clive's friends shouted "Off! Off!" to Mistress Sylvia, completely drowning the cries of the manager's friends, who, led by Captain Carstairs, bawled "On! On!"

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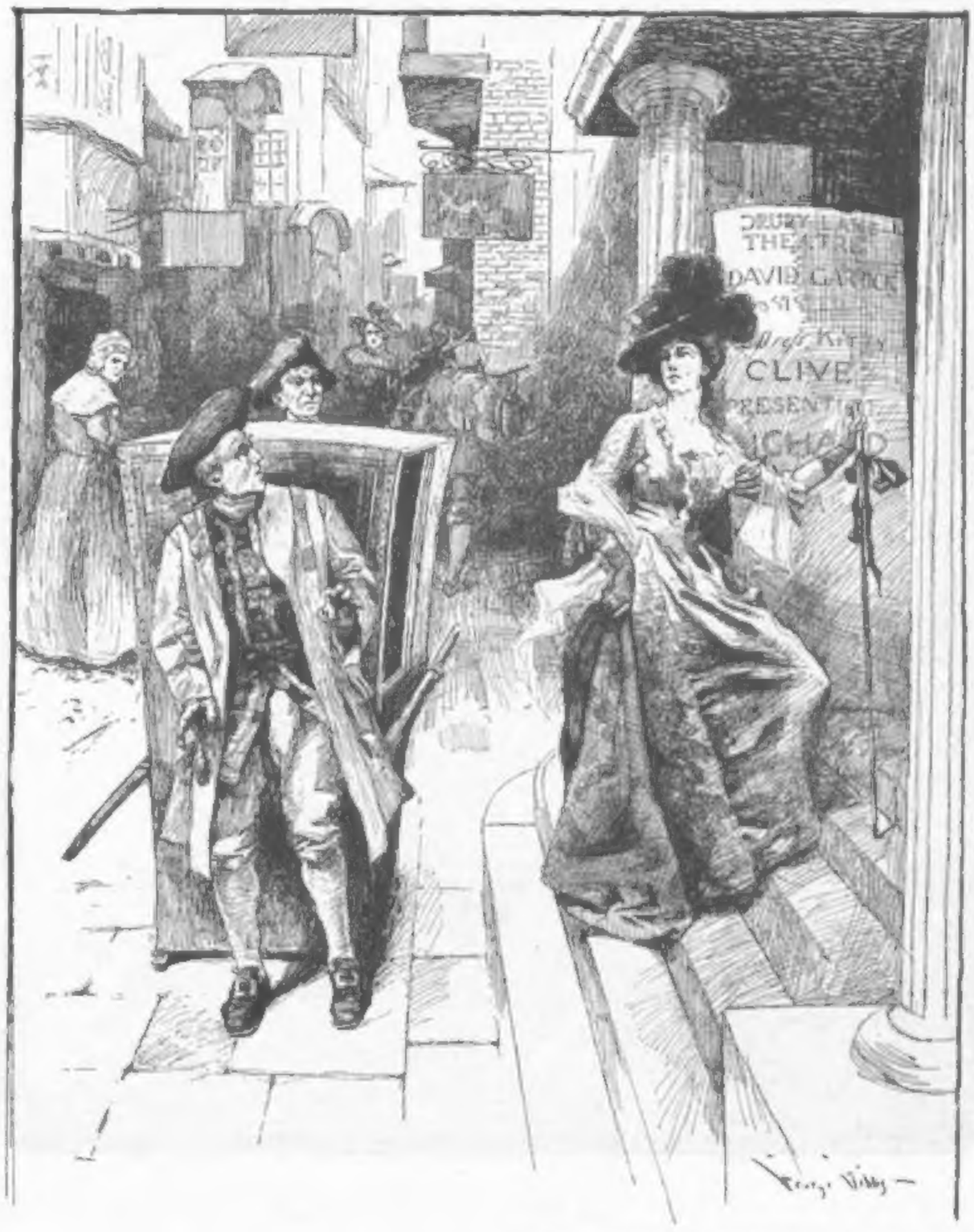
Garrick walked over near the King's box, and after making a reverential bow, stood like a statue, a smile of contempt on his speaking face. Mistress Sylvia, when the shouts of "Off! Off!" seemed to be universal, turned, and making a magnificent curtsy, swept like an offended Queen across the stage to leave it, when the fickle mob suddenly changed its tune and began to cry, "On! On!" She raised her hand for silence, and in half a minute there was not a sound. Bowing low to the royal box, she turned to Davy Garrick and said calmly:

"Sir, shall I heed these disloyal ragamuffins, who would drive me from the stage, or shall I proceed?"

Then there was a pause. For one moment there was doubt whether the mob would tear the playhouse down about the manager's ears or adopt Mistress Sylvia as a prime favorite. It did the latter. A great huzza arose, and, oh, marvel! Kitty Clive, leaning out of her box, tapped her hand with her fan. Sylvia, seeing it, curtsied and kissed her hand to her mighty rival, and then the plaudits were deafening.

Not until eleven o'clock was it over, and even then the greenroom was full of young bloods, and Captain Carstairs headed a line of gentlemen who made a lane through which



She was rating her chairmen at the top of her voice—'twas a fine, ringing voice

Mistress Sylvia passed to her coach and was driven off to Hog Lane. She looked around, possibly for me, as Captain Carstairs was handing her in, but I was content to trudge home on foot that night. The actress who had rivaled Kitty Clive was no match for a poor devil of a player on three guineas a week for acting and two a week for weeping.

Sylvia's triumph and Mrs. Pritchard's illness turned out the best thing in the world for Davy Garrick, as it gave him a trump card to play against Kitty Clive. Kitty was much too sharp-witted to treat Sylvia as a serious rival—which indeed she was—but rather affected to patronize her and to rejoice in what she called "Little Hungerford's small triumphs."

Meanwhile Sylvia became the toast of the town. She had crowds of adorers, including honest Jack Pocklington, whose admiration for her desperately increased his ambition to be an actor, and whose stutter grew with his infatuation. He haunted the greenroom, telling everybody who would listen to him:

"I-i-i-if I c-could only get over this l-lit-little im-im-impediment in my sp-sp-speech I am c-c-cock-sure I could m-master the noble art of acting." And we all assured him he could, and advised him to try Hamlet at a venture. "And," the poor fellow would cry, "if only M-Mistress S-Sylvia would be O-O-O-O——" he could not get the word out at all, but he meant Ophelia.

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The chief, however, of Sylvia's adorers was Captain Carstairs, and as it was known he was prepared to offer her honorable marriage, with splendid settlements and a future title, no actress of her day could have had more brilliant prospects than Mistress Hungerford. But her conduct in this affair was mysterious. It was hardly possible that she could fail to be attracted by Captain Carstairs, who was a fine, high-spirited young man, yet she seemed to avoid him and to be ill at ease when in his company. As I was at the playhouse with her, and as she retained her humble lodgings in Hog Lane, I could not but see all that went on. But what was stranger still, and disheartening to those who loved her, she showed a willingness—nay, an eagerness—to accept all Carstairs might bestow on her. And as he was of a free and open hand she had much from him in the way of jewels, equipages, and even money—for he had a way of putting golden sovereigns in the nosegays he threw upon the stage when she played. Nor was he the only one she mulcted. Going into Davy Garrick's den one day, I found him looking over some accounts, and he said to me sadly: "Oh, Noll, how hard it is to find one human being who is not perpetually scheming after money! Here is the Hungerford—a girl I would have sworn was not greedy—and yet never saw I a woman who was so grasping. Give, give, like the horse leech's daughter, is her cry."

This amazed me, and pained me, too—for what is the use of disguising the matter? I, Oliver Marsden, a third-rate player, loved deeply this beautiful and gifted girl—but loved her as one without hope.

I was loath to believe in her avarice, and set myself to work to find some explanation of her conduct other than mere thirst for money. I soon learned that every day, rain or shine, she went out alone, and remained several hours, nor did she mention where these strange expeditions led her. I concluded with a sharp pang of grief and shame for her that she had a lover, and for him she extorted great sums from Captain Carstairs and from Garrick. We had grown quite friendly by that time, but the suspicion I entertained of her, for which I ask God's pardon as well as hers, produced a coolness between us. For when we met I would speak to her slightly and leave her. Often her eyes would fill with tears at my manner, but she said no word.

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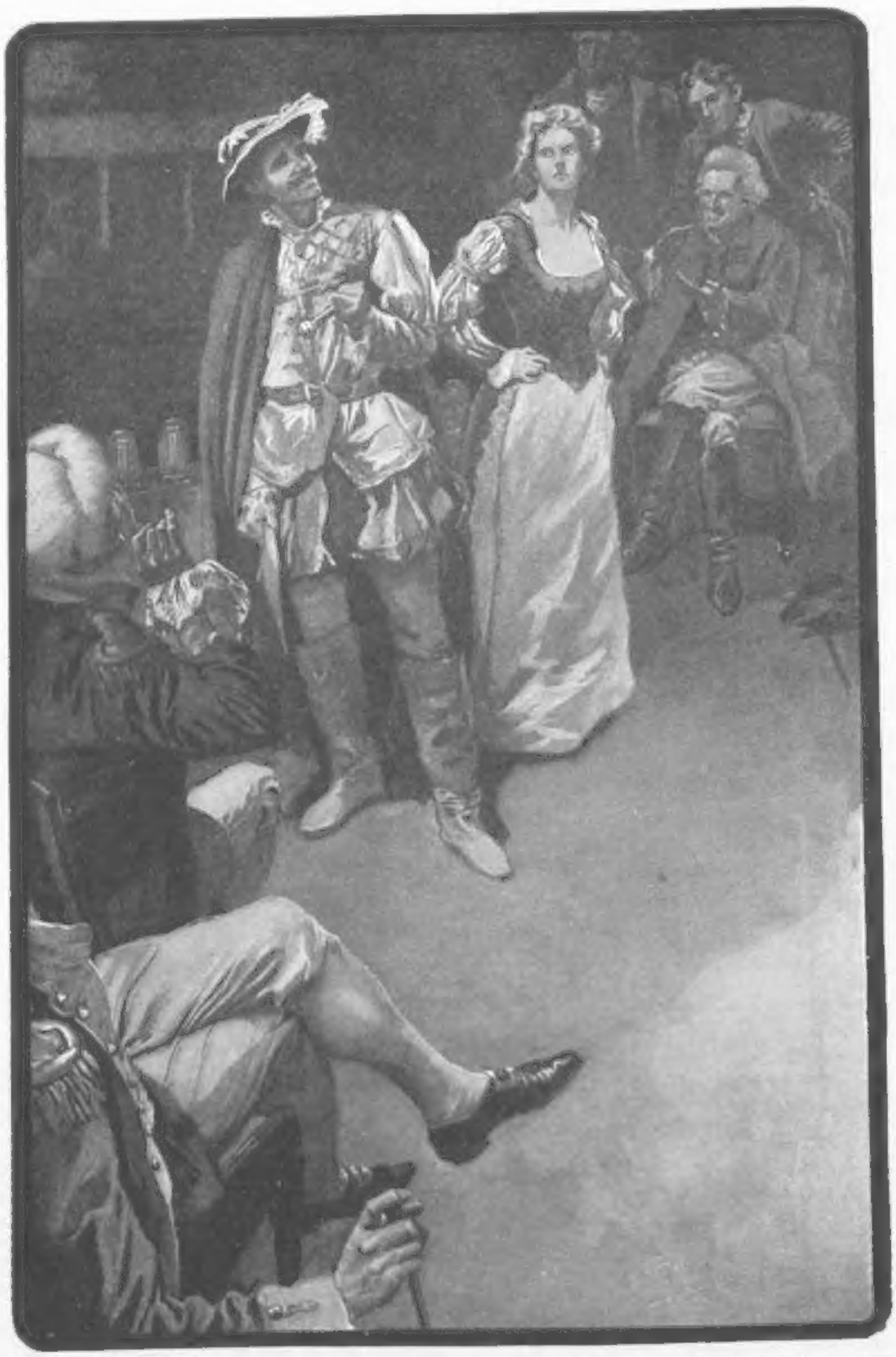
Things had gone on in this way for a couple of months and the season was near its close, when one evening that there was no performance I walked to the side of the river not far from Westminster Bridge. It was after sunset, and the waterside was deserted. At one place was a nest of old houses, that almost overhung the river. They were dark and gloomy, and gave few signs of life; but presently a window in one was lifted, and Sylvia's fair face peered forth into the waning light; and at the same moment Captain Carstairs appeared by my side as suddenly as if he had sprung from the ground. "Look yonder," he said, pointing to the window, and then with a harsh laugh he continued:

"Yonder is Mistress Sylvia Hungerford, with an accomplice in the shape of a lover. Look you, man; I have loved that woman, and have lavished money upon her, all of which she has seized like a harpy. But she was never willing to listen to my love, and when to-day I went to her lodgings and forced her to hear me, she wept a few crocodile tears and declared that she could not marry me. Of course I knew there was another man in the case, and I watched my chance and followed her here. Now, go you in with me, for I want a witness to what I have to say." He seized me and dragged me along the narrow street to the house from which we had seen Sylvia's face; and I went willingly enough, for he had the air and manner of a man bent on desperate things, and the poor girl might need protection.

Without knocking, Carstairs burst open the house door, walked up the stairs, and into the room looking on the river, where he found Sylvia sitting sadly by the window. Through a door into another room we both saw the figure of a man in an easy-chair, with a book in his hand, and a candle on a table near him.



THE REHEARSAL WAS NOT LONG—'TWAS PLAIN THAT SYLVIA KNEW HER PART TO PERFECTION. GARRICK WAS CHARMED

As soon as the poor girl recognized us she clasped her hands as if in terror, and then running to the door between the rooms closed it.

"You do well, Madam," cried Captain Carstairs, making her a low bow, "to shut the door upon your lover. But cannot the gentleman come out and speak to us?"

"He is my husband," replied Sylvia in a trembling voice.

"Is he? Ha, ha! How excessively amused he must have been at your admirers! Only the more reason he should come out and be introduced to us."

"He cannot come, I tell you," repeated Sylvia in the same piteous voice; "he has not moved from his chair for two years; he never will move from it again; he is palsied. And it was for him," she cried, suddenly bursting into tears, "that I have worked and slaved, and taken money from all who would give it to me. For he needs it all—he is so helpless, and he is a gentleman and must have the things that gentlemen are accustomed to. Oh, oh, if you knew how I suffered when I was taking your money and Mr. Garrick's!"

She stopped, speechless in her distress. Carstairs remained silent and abashed, but I spoke. "But why did you not tell us of this afflicted husband? No one suspected you were married."

"Because," she replied, wringing her hands, "he would not let me. He cannot bear that the world should know of his misfortune. He was a fine man when I married him—a Dragoon officer—and was very good to me. And when this dreadful thing came upon him he withdrew himself from the gaze of men."

Some glimmer of doubt seemed to come over Carstairs' mind. He went to the door, opened it, and glanced in. There could be no mistake that the unfortunate before us was a paralytic. His book had fallen from his weary hand, and he had dropped asleep, his head resting against the back of his chair. As Sylvia said, he had once been a fine man, and his gaunt and pallid face and his lifeless, motionless figure would have moved a heart of stone.

"Look," said Sylvia in a low but magnetic voice. "You thought I had a lover on whom I spent your money. Well, I had, but you see what manner of lover he is. And since 'tis his command that I tell no one of his existence, think what agonies, what perils, what perplexities I endure!"

She began to weep silently, and closed the door. Carstairs' face had become white—he truly loved Sylvia Hungerford, and the thought that she was not for him was sharp pain. He walked off and stood at the open window with his back to us. Inside the room was dusky, but outside we could see the dark line of the river in the purple twilight, and hear the faint cries of the watermen and the occasional plash of oars.

Presently Carstairs came toward us—Sylvia and I had sat down upon a settle, she knowing, poor girl, that I was her friend—and bowing low to her, he said:

"Madam, I beg leave to offer to you all the respect and sympathy a man can feel for a woman, and I implore your pardon for my unjust suspicions. Your secret will remain inviolate with me, and I ask the honor and favor of calling myself your friend."

She gave him her hand and he withdrew, and then the poor soul, leaning on my shoulder as a sister might, told me the whole sad story of her life. I think her marriage was rash, and I gathered that, kind and generous as had been her husband's treatment of her, she had not felt more than friendship and respect for him. But when awful calamity came upon him she had cherished him tenderly, and had more than repaid all he had done for her. And I also saw, alas! that she could have loved and married Carstairs had fate been kinder to her.

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The season, as I said, was near its end, but so good had been the impression made by her upon the London public that Mr. Garrick engaged her for the next season. Covent Garden would have been glad to have her, too. All that long, dull summer I was with her often, for there was nothing doing at the playhouses, and we poorer actors had more time than we knew what to do with. And besides, she needed help, for the poor paralytic grew worse. At midsummer he died very peacefully. Then Sylvia gave up the lodging by the waterside and lived altogether at Houndsditch. The next year she became a greater favorite than ever, but, on the plea of having lost a near relative, lived closely and quietly at her lodgings, except when she was at the playhouse.

Captain Carstairs was not in his usual haunts about town, having gone to the Continent. In the summer he reappeared. One day, coming out from rehearsal, he was standing at the stage door. Presently Mistress Sylvia came out, modestly dressed in black. Captain Carstairs took off his hat to her and put her in a hackney coach to go home. Within a month she came to me one morning before I left the house and, blushing and smiling, told me that she was to marry Captain Carstairs shortly. I wished her joy. She then asked me to give her away at her wedding, saying:

"You, Master Oliver, were my first friend in London, and my best—not excepting Mr. Garrick."

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They were quietly married in the parish church on an August morning. I gave the bride away, and when she was gone in her handsome traveling chariot I went back to Mistress Bray's in Hog Lane, and climbed up to my lonely garret, and felt more solitary and alone than any man in the world. She came back to town in a few weeks, and was handsomely established in Hill Street, and was received by all the great people in London. According to the unwritten law of the time, she retired from the stage on marrying a man of rank. She could have become one of the greatest comic actresses of her day, but she seemed not to regret her retirement—for she was a woman, and she loved. She was not forgetful of her friends at the playhouse, but as soon as she returned to town paid her respects to Davy Garrick, and sent to inquire after the health of her old enemy, Kitty Clive.

The first night she appeared at the play every eye was leveled on her, the people in the pit turning their backs on the stage to compliment her. And when I came on—I was the *First Grave-Digger* that night—she caught my eye, and, half rising from her chair, gave me the most charming curtsy imaginable, and the house rang with applause. I carried a sore heart back home with me that night. I was poor. I was not a good actor. I was almost friendless, except for Davy Garrick—and these things are hard to bear when one has had a great disappointment.

FAMOUS FEUDS, *by* John J. Ingalls

Lamar and Hoar

POLITICAL passion in the United States culminated in the Presidential campaign of 1876—77. The fatal blunders of reconstruction left the South like a pyramid poised on its apex instead of its base. The unstable fabric, supported by sword and bayonet, stood for a while, and, when these were withdrawn, fell in a crash of blood and flame that came near engulfing our whole system in the vortex of its own destruction.

The whites of the South, organizing into White Leagues and Kuklux Klans, overthrew the State Governments set up by negro majorities and their Northern allies, and sent the civil and military leaders of the Confederacy to the Senate and House of Representatives.

The exasperation of the Republicans of the North was intensified by the consciousness that they had "nursed the pinion that impelled the steel," and it seemed for a time as if a renewal of civil strife was inevitable.

Collision between the partisans of Hayes and Tilden was averted by the invention of the Electoral Commission, a contrivance supported by each party in the hope of cheating the other, and which ended in defrauding both; but the rancor and asperity of debate did not subside until the inauguration of Garfield in the year 1881.

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JUDGE LAMAR'S POLITICAL CAREER

Prominent among the Southern Democrats in the Senate was L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi. He had been a member of Congress before the war and was an implacable Secessionist.

Though not a soldier, his relations with the Confederacy were confidential and important. He apparently accepted the consequences of the surrender, and attempted the perplexing rôle of propitiating the North and retaining the confidence of the South.

He pronounced a eulogy upon Charles Sumner, which caused his fidelity in the lost cause to be suspected at home, and therefore omitted no appropriate opportunity to reinstate himself by asserting his constancy to his original conviction, which he did faithfully.

He had the singular fortune to be appointed by President Cleveland a Justice of the Supreme Court without ever having tried a reported cause in any tribunal, and without having been admitted as an attorney to practice in the court of which he became a member. His career was unique in American politics.

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Mr. Lamar was not what Mrs. Partington called a "fluid speaker." His aspect was sombre and dejected. He usually seemed sunken in reverie and abstraction. He was absent-minded. He had no facility in off-hand, extemporaneous debate. He was a dealer in oratorical shelf-goods. His venom was not secreted, but distilled. He prepared his retorts in advance, and waited for the occasion to use them. He employed fixed ammunition. His speeches, which were infrequent, were written out and committed to memory, but having rich rhetoric and dramatic energy in delivery he was an exceedingly effective orator.

The Legislature of Mississippi censured and requested him to resign on account of his position on financial questions. At the next State Convention, at Jackson, he made his defense, and one of his colleagues told me that Lamar came to his room in a hotel the preceding midnight for the benefit of his judgment, and standing before this single auditor for two hours rehearsed in a loud voice his entire address, tones, gestures and all, without once referring to his manuscript, exactly as he delivered it before the Convention the following day.

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HOW HOAR FORCED THE CRISIS

On the first of March, 1879, the bill granting service pensions to the surviving veterans of the Mexican War was being considered in the Senate.

It was opposed by many Republicans on the ground that it would place on the roll ex-Confederate soldiers who had fought in the War with Mexico.

Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, offered an amendment to the bill in the following words:

> "Provided further, that no pension shall ever be paid under this Act to Jefferson Davis, the late President of the so-called Confederacy."

This precipitated a crisis. Every Southern Senator arose in his place, one after the other, and said in substance that Jefferson Davis stood in the same position they stood in, and that every man in the South who believed in secession stood in, and that if Jefferson Davis was a traitor, they were traitors.

Senator Garland, of Arkansas, in the course of his eulogium, alluded to the courage which Jefferson Davis had exhibited on Mexican battle-fields, to which Mr. Hoar meekly responded: "Two of the bravest officers in our Revolutionary War were Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold."

This was the red rag. Mr. Lamar, tremulous with indignation, sprang to his feet and said: "It is with supreme reluctance that I rise to say a word on this subject. I must confess my surprise and regret that the Senator from Massachusetts should have wantonly, without provocation, flung this insult."

Bang went the gavel. Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, was in the chair. He presided like a schoolmaster. He said with severe emphasis, "The Senator from Mississippi is out of order. He cannot impute to any Senator either wantonness or insult."

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LAMAR WIDENS THE BREACH

Mr. Lamar stopped, looked inquiringly at the Chair and sneeringly said: "I stand corrected. I suppose it is in perfect order to insult certain other Senators, but they cannot be characterized by those who received the blow."

This made the breach worse, and the Chair, rising, called Lamar to order, and directed him to take his seat until the question of order was decided.

Mr. Lamar shortly arose again and said: "The observations of the Senator from Mississippi, in his own opinion, are not only in order, but perfectly and absolutely true," and thereupon appealed from the decision of the Chair.

The Chair submitted the question to the Senate. His decision was overruled, whereupon Mr. Edmunds said: "The judgment of the Chair is reversed. The Senate decides that the words uttered by the Senator from Mississippi are in order, and the Senator from Mississippi will now proceed."

Mr. Lamar resumed, very slowly and deliberately, with no apparent agitation, and said: "Now, Mr. President, having been decided by my associates to have been in order in the language I used, I desire to say that if it is at all offensive or unacceptable to any member of this Senate, the language is withdrawn, for it is not my purpose to offend or stab the sensibilities of any of my associates on this floor. But what I meant by that remark was this: Jefferson Davis stands in precisely the position that I stand in, that every Southern man who believed in the right of a State to secede stands in."

Senator Hoar interrupted to explain that in making his motion for the amendment offered he had not thought that any one stood in the same position as Mr. Davis. "I should not have moved," said he, "to except the gentleman from Mississippi from the pension roll."

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THE SOUTHERNER PARALYZES THE SENATORS

Mr. Lamar replied by insisting that there was no difference. He defended Jefferson Davis from the charge of treason which had been urged in the debate, and said: "I say this as a Union man this day. He (Mr. Hoar) intended to affix (I will not say that he intended, but the inevitable effect of it was to affix) upon this aged man, this man broken in fortune, suffering from bereavement, an epithet of odium, an imputation of moral turpitude. Sir, it required no courage to do that; it required no magnanimity to do it; it required no courtesy. It only required hate, bitter, malignant, sectional feeling, and a sense of personal impunity. The gentleman, I believe, takes rank among Christian statesmen. He might have learned a better lesson from the pages of heathen mythology."

Here he paused a moment and appeared to hesitate. He leaned toward Senator Thurman, three seats away, and said *sotto voce*, but loud enough to be heard over half the chamber, "What was the name of the man who was chained to the rock?"

"Prometheus," was the reply in a stage whisper.

Of course the name was familiar, but this made it seem like a sudden inspiration of genius.

He concluded: "*When Prometheus was bound to the rock, it was not an eagle, it was a vulture that buried his beak in the tortured vitals of the victim!*"

During this eulogy and exculpation of Jefferson Davis the Northern Senators sat in silence; the boldness of the performance was paralyzing; such an emergency had not been anticipated. No one was ready. The passionate and excited spectators in the galleries wondered why no champion of the North took up the glove.

Toward the close of the debate a note fluttered over the balustrade of the northeast gallery, and, wavering in the hot air, was caught in its descent by a page, who carried it to Senator Chandler, of Michigan, to whom it was addressed. It was written on a leaf torn from a memorandum book, without signature, and begging him in God's name to say something for the Union soldiers and for the North.

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ANSWERING THE APPEAL FROM THE GALLERY

Chandler was a giant in stature, a politician of the practical type, with a jaw of granite and the fibre of a walrus. He was destitute of sentiment and spent no time in reverie. He was Chairman of the Republican National Committee, and the author of that celebrated dispatch, "Hayes has 185 votes and is elected." He was not an orator like Conkling or Lamar. His weapon was the butcher's cleaver, and not the rapier. He was a rough-and-tumble fighter, who asked no odds and feared no foe.

He read the anonymous note brought from the gallery. The black fury of his eyes blazed from the pallor of his face. At the first opportunity he obtained the floor and delivered a tremendous philippic against Jefferson Davis. It was evidently wholly unpremeditated, and therefore the more effective.

He said: "Mr. President, twenty-two years to-morrow, in the old hall of the Senate now occupied by the Supreme Court of the United States, I, in company with Mr. Jefferson Davis, stood up and swore before Almighty God that I would support the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Jefferson Davis came from the Cabinet of Franklin Pierce into the Senate of the United States and took the oath with me to be faithful to this Government. During four years I sat in this body with Mr. Jefferson Davis and saw the preparations going on from day to day for the overthrow of this Government. With treason in his heart and perjury upon his lips he took the oath to sustain the Government that he meant to overthrow.

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CHANDLER'S ARRAIGNMENT OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

"Sir, there was method in that madness. He, in cooperation with other men from his section and in the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan, made careful preparation for the event that was to follow. Your armies were scattered all over this broad land where they could not be used in an emergency; your fleets were scattered wherever the winds blew and water was found to float them, where they could not be used to put down rebellion; your treasury was depleted until your bonds bearing six per cent., principal and interest payable in coin, were offered for eighty-eight cents on the dollar for current expenses, and no buyers. Preparations were carefully made. Your arms were sold under an apparently innocent clause in an Army bill providing that the Secretary of War might, at his discretion, sell such arms as he deemed it for the interest of the Government to sell.

"Sir, eighteen years ago last month I sat in these halls and listened to Jefferson Davis delivering his farewell address, informing us what our constitutional duties to this Government were, and then he left and entered into the rebellion to overthrow the Government that he had sworn to support! I remained here, sir, during the whole of that terrible rebellion. I saw our brave soldiers by thousands and hundreds of thousands, aye, I might say millions, pass through to the theatre of war, and I saw their shattered ranks return. I saw steamboat after steamboat and railroad train after railroad train arrive with the maimed and the wounded; I was with my friend from Rhode Island (General Burnside) when he commanded the Army of the Potomac, and saw piles of legs and arms that made humanity shudder; I saw the widow and orphan in their homes, and heard the weeping and wailing of those who had lost their dearest and their best. Mr. President, I little thought at that time that I should live to hear in the Senate of the United States eulogies upon Jefferson Davis living—a living rebel eulogized on the floor of the Senate of the United States! Sir, I am amazed to hear it, and I can tell the gentlemen on the other side that they little know the spirit of the North when they come here at this day and with bravado on their lips utter eulogies upon a man whom every man, woman and child in the North believes to be a double-dyed traitor to his Government."

Editor's Note—This is the second paper in ex-Senator Ingalls' series of Political Reminiscences. The first paper, which appeared in the Post of June 24, dealt with Conkling, Blaine and Lamar.

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SPEAKER REED'S SUCCESSOR

MR. HENDERSON, unless something very unforeseen happens, will be the next Speaker of the House of Representatives. That he will make an excellent Speaker is not questioned, since he has already demonstrated his ability as a presiding officer; that he will be a popular one is equally sure, for he lacks none of the qualities that make a man generally liked. Since his first term in Congress Mr. Henderson has taken a leading part in pension legislation, and his friendship for the old soldier, whom he never misses a chance to champion, is well known.

One afternoon during the closing days of the last session an influential constituent of the member from the third Iowa district tried in vain to see the statesman at the House. To the most appealing messages the response was received that Mr. Henderson could not be spared from the floor. But the visitor's business was of so much importance that he resolved not to desert his post in the lobby until he succeeded in obtaining an interview with him.

"What are you waiting around here for?" asked a member who happened to know Mr. X.

"Confound the luck!" responded that worthy, "I wanted to see Dave Henderson the worst way, but he won't come out. Says he is too important to be spared from the floor."

"If you really want to see Henderson," said the member, "why don't you try the old dodge? Send in word that an old soldier wants to see him."

"So I will," said the disgusted and impatient visitor. "Here," he called to one of the messengers, "you go in and tell Mr. Henderson that Sergeant John Doe, from out in Iowa, wants to see him, and that his wound hurts him to-day and he can't stay long."

The plan worked admirably. In a few moments Mr. Henderson, smiling and debonair, appeared in the lobby to greet Sergeant John Doe. But no one laughed more heartily than he did when the joke was explained to him.

When Mr. Henderson is in town he lives at the Hotel Normandie, where his genial nature makes him a great favorite. Last winter a very cranky gentleman from the West, who is a great friend and admirer of Mr. Henderson, and has frequently said he would rather hear him sing than listen to the famous de Reszke, put up at the Normandie and was given rooms near those of Mr. Henderson. The evening of his arrival he had spent pleasantly with General Henderson, and it was very late when he retired. His indignation was great, therefore, to be awakened quite early in the morning by a powerful voice singing all the popular airs. He promptly and vigorously complained to the management and was promised relief, but the next morning the voice broke forth louder than ever with Are You There, Moriarty? He rang the bell furiously.

"Why can't you," he thundered to the bell-boy, "why can't you stop that hideous noise? If you are afraid to ask the blatant creature to shut up, bring him to me and I will see if I can't put an end to it."

"Wal, sah," said the darky, "Gineral Henderson's a-doin' thet singin', an' beln's he's lame, ef yo' want toe stop it I reckons yo' better go toe him."

That fact gave a very different character to the music.

Summer Politics in the Dominion

A Canadian postage stamp popular around the holidays and about the same size as the well-remembered stamps of the World's Fair, pictures a map of the earth with the British possessions in brilliant red. In the centre of the little picture is a big square of carmine covering the larger part of the North American continent, and beneath the entire work of art is the inscription, "We hold a vaster Empire than has been." This is a striking illustration of modern Canada, and its aggressive assertion of its territorial greatness—one-sixteenth of the earth's area, it is fond of saying—a wonderful Empire of 3,653,946 square miles—inhabited by a population of over five millions of people.

For years in the friction between Canada and the United States the international discussions served to obscure the facts of the internal development of that wonderful country, but the development is there, and so is the interest.

Canada has great vigor in all her contentions. She says that she buys each year more than eighty million dollars' worth of American exports, while America in turn buys only forty millions from her, and she wants more favorable trade relations. Further than that, in true British fashion, she is pushing northward for all the gold territory she can obtain, with special efforts to secure a tidewater port along the Alaskan coast, and a Canadian railroad to the Klondike is projected. The fisheries question and other complications also help to keep her statesmen busy, and they have other things at home for any spare moments which foreign questions may not consume.

For instance, there is before Parliament, which is meeting in Ottawa, what is known as the Redistribution Bill, by which, if the Liberals succeed in passing it, there may be a change in the Parliamentary representation of the Dominion. In the discussions of the measure a term new to American ears has been freely used. It is called "hiving," and it is a synonym for our good old-fashoned "gerrymander"—with a difference. Its resemblance in getting the bees into the hive to the politicians' scheme of concentrating the population needs no explanation.

RT. HON. SIR WILFRED LAURIER

PREMIER AND PRESIDENT OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL, CANADA

Sir Charles Tupper, the veteran leader of the Conservatives, blandly says that it is all simply for party advantage, and that the Liberals, seeing that they cannot hope to be reëlected on their record, have resorted to this old method. The Liberals, however, troop forth impressive arrays of population statistics to show that the present representation—it was made by the Conservatives—is unfair and dishonest. The question will be one of the issues of the next election, and another issue will be prohibition, which has been growing in fervor during the past several years.

The present Premier, Right Honorable Sir Wilfred Laurier, entered his high office on July 11, 1896, and one result of his services for three years has been a movement to recognize his usefulness to his party and to his country by the raising of a fund of $100,000 so as to place him in a position to devote his whole time to public life without having any anxiety as to the future welfare of his family. This was an extraordinary testimonial to his popularity in Canada, and whether he accepts it or not it shows his hold upon his people.

As regards the national policy, Canada follows the mother country in standing arm to arm irrespective of party when the interest lies beyond the boundary lines, and Sir Wilfred's fight for larger commercial privileges and a port in the North probably has a great deal to do with this manifestation of appreciation and enthusiasm.

An Incident of War Revenue

Americans have an inherited and instinctive objection to stamp taxes, and all the years since the beginning of the Revolution have not removed the feeling, so that when the need of money for the recent war revived again the internal revenue charges on checks, public documents and various articles of food and drink, the people were not slow to express themselves. In no respect was the outcry greater than over the necessity of placing a stamp upon every bank check. In addition to the cost was the time it took and the physical labor in cancellation. To many concerns, using thousands of checks a day, this meant a great deal, and an apt expedient was found by the Government. By having the stamps printed directly upon the check the trouble was avoided. The right to do this printing could not be conferred indiscriminately, but had to be restricted to a few bonded and supervised printing houses. These soon contrived machinery that would print both the check and the stamp at a single impression, a saving for the consumer. The restriction of the privilege meant a monopoly, and thus has arisen a movement among printers, who are shut out by the restrictions, to compel the Treasury Department to put a stop to printing the stamps on checks.

On the one hand is the interest of the printers, and on the other the convenience of the public, and as the stamp tax will probably remain for some years to come the fight will be continued with more or less earnestness and interest.

The Gentle Art of Becoming a Hero

Never in the world's history was heroism of the finest sort so superbly shown as in the war with Spain and the fights with the Filipinos. American manhood has exhibited its richest powers. It has faced danger with a smile, undertaken hazardous enterprises eagerly, and proven that the stuff of which heroes are made is not less strong than in the boasted days of chivalry. Our heroes from Cuba we all recall, but there are others from the Philippines that share their glory.

An apt illustration of the general bravery of our officers and men is given in an official story which Admiral Dewey has sent to the Secretary of the Navy. No map or plan of the town of Baler was to be had, and Ensign W. H. Standley, U. S. N., suggested going ashore and climbing the mountainside overlooking the insurgents' camp, and modestly volunteered for the service. Admiral Dewey writes: "I considered the attempt very hazardous, but finally permitted it to be made." With Ensign Standley went Quartermaster J. Lysaght, who did not know the service on which he was volunteering. Admiral Dewey continues as follows:

> "Landing in the dark without a guide, wading breast high through an unknown slough, Standley and Quartermaster Lysaght forced their way up the mountainside, over boulders and through dense and thorny underbrush, and when the firing commenced which indicated an attack they descended still lower toward the insurgent camp to a point where Standley, finding a suitable tree, climbed it with the aid of a rope and made a complete sketch with a hand as steady as if at his desk, first directing Lysaght, who stood at the foot of the tree, should they be attacked, to make for the beach, as he himself would probably not be discovered in the tree. Fortunately they were not attacked, and Lysaght had no occasion to violate orders which he certainly would never have obeyed."

And the result of this is the recommendation that Standley be advanced ten numbers and Lysaght be promoted to Chief Quartermaster.

The American Cabinet Better Than the Foreign Ministry

In view of the general national disturbance that a change in a European Ministry creates, those Americans who have been clamoring for a law that would place our Cabinet officers in a position similar to that of foreign Ministries will do well to stick to the good old plan a while longer. Once in four years is often enough for this country to be upset.

It has been maintained by intelligent observers that the European plan of having the Ministry responsible to the Legislative authority, and with the right of personal appearance in that body to urge or explain a public measure, would greatly facilitate the work of Congress. Such a law, it is feared on the other hand, would work havoc in administration.

For more than a hundred years, whenever Congress has required special information from the Executive branch, it has simply called on the President for papers and correspondence. Cabinet advisers, being personal appointments of the President, hold office during his pleasure. They never resign in a body when Congress votes differently from their wishes, and they have never yet created a "crisis" that for a time has disarranged all the machinery of the Government, or seriously affected the country's business.

British Colonies in Direct Treaty Negotiation with the United States

Three British colonies, Jamaica, British Guiana and Barbados, have undertaken the unusual proceeding of direct negotiations with the United States to secure fuller commercial advantages.

The colonial representatives who went to Washington on this mission did so with the approval of Secretary Chamberlain, of the British Colonial Office, under whom such negotiations would ordinarily be initiated, and this approval is to be considered as a token of conciliation on the part of the home Government.

There has been dissatisfaction in each of these colonies, the most pronounced in Jamaica, for a long time, and the British Colonial Office and the Government back of it have proposed numerous remedies, which have had little effect.

Now it is hoped that direct personal representations may accomplish what routine diplomacy has failed to secure.

Slowing Down for the Next Century

We have heard so much of late about the killing pace of modern life that the announcement of less speed from those who have done so much to make haste is rather startling; but there is no doubt about it, and it has all been caused by the fact that it is possible to make more money by going a little slower.

The great steamship lines, instead of trying to further reduce the transatlantic schedule, have announced that the steamships of the future will possess more luxury, more comfort, more of the real things of life, and less speed. The time of crossing the ocean will probably be a little longer, but the pleasure of the trip will be so enhanced that the traveling world will rejoice. The first sign in this direction is the fact that the successor to the stranded Paris, although two thousand tons larger, will have a speed of seventeen knots, while the Paris had twenty-two.

There is much more profit in the slower boat than in the fast boat; and while the steamship companies have made money in the past years, they recognize that their earnings would have been far greater if they had not forced the speed and spent millions in trying to break one another's records. Many large ships are now being built.

If You Want to Live Long Beware of Salicylic Acid

Americans have long been twitted with being a race of dyspeptics, and we are now finding out why this is so. It is due to salicylic acid, which we are taking into our systems in inordinate quantities, deftly concealed in a great variety of the food we eat.

The Paris Academy of Medicine pronounces salicylic acid the favorite preservative of all manner of food, and says that it is especially injurious to dyspeptics. Then, the Department of Agriculture at Washington, after detailing the horrors chargeable to it, assures us that "the use of salicylic acid as a food preservative has been forbidden by several European Governments."

All this is being supplemented daily by reports showing that a widespread official warfare is being carried on against food adulterants and preservatives, and from every section hungry humanity hears the distressing words, "salicylic acid." The bliss of ignorance has been broken, and he that hungers may well inquire, "Where may I be fed and yet live?" Pure food is one of the great questions of the day.

Important Changes for the Naval Academy

This year's Board of Visitors to the United States Naval Academy has officially proposed a number of radical changes in the management of that institution. The most important is the lengthening of the course to five years and the commissioning of graduates as Ensigns.

Other important recommendations are that the age of entrance be from fifteen to eighteen years; that the old-time title of "midshipman" be adopted in place of the modern "cadet"; that as few civilian instructors as possible be employed; and that as far as possible all constructors and employees be enlisted in the Navy and regularly uniformed.

Hereafter the flag should be saluted by raising the cap from the head instead of touching the cap, and the President should be empowered to appoint ten midshipmen-at-large each year. New quarters for the midshipmen, the removal of the naval cemetery to another part of the reservation, and the speedy acquisition of additional ground are also urged.

The Peace Conference that Napoleon III Planned

The International Peace Conference at The Hague recalls an interesting historical incident of thirty-three years ago, when Napoleon III undertook the rôle of peacemaker of Europe.

Politically, the times were very trying, and nearly every country of importance needed the guidance of the best statesmanship. The great Civil War in the United States had just been officially proclaimed at an end, and a number of European complications had been apparently adjusted.

France, deserted by England and Spain in the Monarchical invasion of Mexico, was being worsted daily in that quarter, and was seeking by treaties a settlement of numerous vexing questions with Europe. Her Emperor, unwilling to participate further in war anywhere, was urging conciliatory measures on his brother monarchs.

On May 25, 1866, his pacific aspirations culminated in an invitation to the Courts of Berlin, Vienna, Frankfort and Florence to unite in a conference for the prevention of hostilities on the continent of Europe. Before a meeting could be arranged, Austria, Prussia and Italy were fighting over Sleswick-Holstein, and France narrowly escaped war with Prussia.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

When Funston was Neither Alive Nor Dead

That Brigadier-General Funston can be original even while in a semi-comatose condition is testified to by a member of the Engineer Corps just home from the Philippines.

"The most characteristic thing I ever knew Funston to do," said the Engineer, "was before the battle just outside Caloocan. He had had no sleep for two days, and was in bad shape. He therefore rolled himself up in some leaves and went to sleep. Meantime, the division received orders to advance, but Funston could not be found. Many scouts had been killed, and it was feared that the Colonel's curiosity—for he was a Colonel then—had led him into trouble. Presently, however, a glimpse was caught of his red hair in the tangle, and later they found him shrouded in leaves. As this is the way bodies are prepared for burial in that part of the world, we got more and more apprehensive with each step until, at length, some one shouted:

"'Colonel, are you dead or alive?'

"'Neither,' grunted the Colonel as he rolled over for another nap; 'I'm sleeping.'"

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A Tribute to Shakespeare from Olga Nethersole

Many years ago Miss Adelaide Neilson drove through beautiful Tower Grove Park in St. Louis. On the way she was impressed with the Shakespearean statue which is one of the attractive features of the park, and she expressed a desire to plant a tree within its shadow. She went to London, secured a mulberry tree at Stratford, and sent it on to the Park Commissioners, instructing them to keep it until her return. She went to France and died, but the tree was planted, and a small white stone tells this story. Since then trees have been planted by Booth and Barrett.

OLGA NETHERSOLE

Several weeks ago Miss Olga Nethersole heard the story of Adelaide Neilson, and through friends she secured the Park Commissioners' permission to plant an English elm close to the Shakespearean mulberry. The tree-planting was attended with much ceremony. Miss Nethersole shoveled the earth with her own hands in a heavy rainstorm. Beneath its roots she placed a metal box, the facts concerning its contents being known only to herself. The plot of ground in beautiful Tower Grove Park thus implanted with trees furnished by the profession of the stage has been happily called "The Forest of Arden."

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Gomez Explains the Earth's Revolutions

One of the brightest young Porto Ricans who figured in the late war is Señor Miguel Sanchez, who is now in this country in the interest of the Porto Rican public school system. He was at one time on the staff of General Gomez in Cuba, and he tells many incidents concerning that doughty old fighter.

"I was skimming one of the New York Sunday newspapers while I was in the General's headquarters in Cuba," said the Señor the other day, "and it was the first to reach us for several months. I noticed an article on the newly discovered movements of the earth's surface. Now, you know the General disliked to have any one do anything without being invited himself to take part. He liked to be consulted—to be asked questions—no matter how unimportant they might be, so in reading the article I stopped and asked:

"'Now, General, how do you account for the daily revolutions of the earth, anyhow?'

"'That's easy to answer,' he replied instantly, 'so long as Haiti, Porto Rico and Cuba are parts of it.'"

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The Texas Ranger as a Tenderfoot

N. A. Jennings, author of A Texas Ranger, spent four years during the early seventies in the Lone Star State in the mounted service, and then returned to his home in Philadelphia. But the spirit of adventure moving him, he returned to the West, and 1881 found him in Rico, Colorado, a frontier mining-camp—primitive, lawless and picturesque. He wore clothes that fitted him, and soon became known to the inhabitants as a tenderfoot.

One day he was sitting in the barroom of the only hotel in the place when the town Marshal and the Sheriff conferred one with the other as to a bit of official business, during the course of which the Sheriff asked the Marshal for one of his revolvers.

The Marshal drew it from his holster and handed it over. It was of forty-five calibre, a Colt, precisely such a weapon as Jennings had carried for years in Texas and in the use of which he was a famous expert. The Sheriff held it up admiringly.

"Pretty big gun, ain't it?" he remarked, patronizingly, to Jennings.

"Yes, indeed," answered the former ranger, with childlike innocence.

"Don't have such big guns as that in Philadelphia, eh?"

"No, indeed. It must weigh about ten pounds."

"Well, it doesn't weigh as much as that, but it's a pretty big gun, ain't it?"

"Yes; let's see it."

The Sheriff carefully opened the weapon and extracted six large, murderous cartridges and handed it to Jennings, who took it in somewhat the same manner as a nervous parent lifts his first-born.

"Ain't much used to guns?" suggested the Sheriff, half pityingly.

Jennings fumbled the pistol awkwardly and then handed it back butt foremost. Now, one of the most prized tricks of the expert plainsman is to hand a pistol to a man in the usual way, but, just before it passes from him, to shift it in his hands with an imperceptible movement, so that the man who reaches for it finds himself looking into its barrel. This is what happened in Rico, and the Sheriff turned white in spite of his knowledge that the pistol was unloaded. Then Jennings nonchalantly caught the revolver on the trigger and made it whirl like a pinwheel. Then he asked for another revolver, and soon had that spinning in his left hand. After this exhibition he returned the pistol and walked out on the porch.

Half an hour later a clean-shaven man sauntered up to Jennings' chair and said to him in a half-whisper:

"Say, stranger, where *are* you from?"

"From Philadelphia," answered Jennings.

"Philadelphia thunder! Say, where are you *from?* I won't give you away!"

N. A. JENNINGS

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Andrew White and Mark Twain

A new story of Andrew J. White, Ambassador to Berlin, and Mark Twain has just reached this side. The humorist's aversion to the German language is well known. His diatribe against it is a classic. Now, Mr. White, while an excellent German scholar, speaks the language with a noticeable accent. The story hinges on these points. It was at a reception, and Mr. White, partly in sport, confined his conversation with the author wholly to German.

"I am glad to see," interrupted the novelist, "that you appreciate German."

"I did until I read your abusive article upon the subject," returned the Ambassador. "I am now thinking of returning to English."

"How grateful the Germans must be," was the reply.

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They Didn't Recognize Mrs. Catt

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, general organizer of the Women's Suffrage party in this country, is a young and strikingly handsome woman. She is a brilliant talker, amiable in manners, and is always stylishly dressed. A year or two ago she was on her way to address a State Convention in Topeka, Kansas, when she got into conversation with two gentlemen on the cars. One of them was a County Judge and the other a newspaper editor of the same town. A few seats in front of them sat a spectacled, angular woman, sallow as to complexion and drab as to dress. Her clothes were cut in a fashion severely plain. The talk had turned upon the rights of women.

"See that woman yonder?" said the Judge. "I'll bet she's a delegate to that Women's Rights Convention up at Topeka."

"Sure," chimed in the editor. "Funny, ain't it? There's a woman that has no husband—never could get one, has all the rights she needs, and she gallivants around the country asking for more. Funny, ain't it? I'll bet she's Mrs. Catt. Well named, ain't she?"

Mrs. Catt smiled and changed the subject. When they reached Topeka she said to the Judge:

"I am very glad to have met you. I am Mrs. Catt. The lady in front is the wife of a banker in Chicago. She is going out to visit her married daughter. I know her very well. She is opposed to women's suffrage. Good-by."

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Tesla in His Lofty Workshop

A man from the West brought back the other day a pencil sketch of Nikola Tesla's quarters at the foot of Pike's Peak, Colorado. It is a long, wooden structure, with a veranda extending its whole length, and surmounted by a tower on which experiments are conducted. It has been the general belief that the inventor had been living since last spring near the summit of the Peak, 14,000 feet into the air, overlooking an area of 50,000 square miles. In truth, he is several miles from the foot of the mountain.

Mr. Tesla has withdrawn of late from most of his early associates and his professional and social friends. He has become more and more of a recluse, and as he makes few confidants his exact whereabouts were unknown until the arrival of the man with the pencil sketch. But he is always working industriously wherever he may be.

The latest experiment of the wizard of electricity is perhaps his most important. It is to discover a means for the transmission of sound, and also power, by electricity without the use of wires. Tesla has believed for many years that this remarkable achievement can be carried out successfully, and his present experiments were planned long ago.

NIKOLA TESLA

How Dewey Applies the Rules of Arbitration

Lieutenant James C. Cresap, of the U. S. S. Vicksburg, was a midshipman aboard the old Constitution when the famous vessel was a training-ship at Annapolis and was commanded by Admiral Dewey. He has a fund of anecdotes concerning the Admiral, and the other day he spoke of one incident that shows both the strict discipline and the sense of humor possessed by the hero of Manila.

"Some of the boys," said Lieutenant Cresap, "had an idea that the deck would make a good bowling-alley. So they got some solid shot and began to roll them down against the bulkhead. They struck with an awful crash, and, having created sufficient disturbance, the boys ran away to their hammocks.

"They did it cleverly enough, but a man has to be more than ordinarily clever to escape Dewey. When the culprits were brought to book Dewey said:

"'Gentlemen, you need cooling off, so just get out on the tips of the yards.'

"They had to do it, and were not allowed to crawl in for an hour.

"Admiral Dewey is warlike when occasion demands," continued Lieutenant Cresap, "but he is also a peacemaker. I remember how another boy—who was very tall, while I was quite short—and I had a feud of long standing which we tried to settle by a resort to fisticuffs.

"Dewey found it out, and said to us:

"'You boys ought to be good friends, and I'm going to give you ten hours extra guards together. Now take your guns and begin.'

"We did so, and before the ten hours were up we had shaken hands and made up all our differences."

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TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

Changing a Poem to Suit a Whim.—Louise Imogen Guiney is an exception to the rule among poets. Not only does she listen to criticism, but she frequently accepts it. Here is an instance in hand: Not long ago an elocutionist, Elise West, wrote to the poet regarding her poem Tarpeia, which was recently published by a New York magazine.

"I admire the poem greatly," she wrote, "and I should like to read it aloud, but it is too descriptive for declamation."

A few weeks afterward Miss Guiney sent her critic a new version of the poem, in which form it is now being recited by Miss West through the New England and Middle States.

General Wallace as a Painter.—It is said that the mechanical device which will be used next season to represent the chariot race in the dramatization of General Lew Wallace's novel, Ben Hur, is the invention of the author. General Wallace is not only a mechanic, a soldier of high renown, a diplomat, statesman and author, but he is also a painter. Twenty years ago he painted a Cupid with purple wings. The painting was exhibited in Indianapolis, and created no end of criticism from persons who had different ideas concerning Cupid's wings. The General let the color stand, though, and it remains purple to this day.

Mr. Bonner Taken for His Son.—Robert Bonner, the millionaire founder of the New York Ledger, and the owner of Maud S. and other world-renowned trotting horses, is one of the youngest-looking men in New York. His hair is hardly tinged with gray, his cheeks are pink as a child's, his eyes twinkle when he speaks, and his voice is as full and strong as it was a score of years ago. It is hard to realize that he was the friend of Henry Ward Beecher in his early manhood, and the favorite driving companion of the late William H. Vanderbilt.

"When I was down South last winter," he said, "I met an old gentleman in Atlanta who showed me considerable attention. As I was leaving he said:

"'When you get back to New York, Mr. Bonner, I want you to remember me kindly to your father. I have been reading his paper for twenty-five years, and I feel almost as well acquainted with him as if I knew him personally.'"

A TREASURE of THE REDWOODS

By *BRET HARTE*

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PART II

MR. JACK FLEMING was indeed "not much of a miner." He and his partners—both as young, hopeful and inefficient as himself—had for three months worked a claim in a mountain mining settlement which yielded them a certain amount of healthy exercise, good-humored grumbling and exalted independence. To dig for three or four hours in the morning, smoke their pipes under a redwood tree for an hour at noon, take up their labors again until sunset, when they "washed up" and gathered sufficient gold to pay for their daily wants, was, without their seeking it or even knowing it, the realization of a charming socialistic ideal which better men than themselves had only dreamed of. Fleming fell back into this refined barbarism, giving little thought to his woodland experience, and no revelation of it to his partners. He had transacted their business at the mining town. His deviations en route were nothing to them, and small account to himself.

The third day after his return he was lying under a redwood when his partner approached him.

"You aren't uneasy in your mind about any unpaid bill—say a wash bill—that you're owing?"

"Why?"

"There's a big nigger woman in camp looking for you—she's got a folded account paper in her hand. It looks deucedly like a bill."

"There must be some mistake," suggested Fleming, sitting up.

"She says not, and she's got your name pat enough! Faulkner" (his other partner) "headed her straight up the gulch, away from camp, while I came down to warn you. So if you choose to skedaddle into the brush out there and lie low until we get her away, we'll fix it!"

"Nonsense! I'll see her."

His partner looked aghast at this temerity, but Fleming, jumping to his feet, at once set out to meet his mysterious visitor. This was no easy matter, as the ingenious Faulkner was laboriously leading his charge up the steep gulch road, with great politeness but many audible misgivings as to whether this was not "Jack Fleming's day for going to Jamestown."

He was further lightening the journey by cheering accounts of the recent depredations of bears and panthers in that immediate locality. When overtaken by Fleming he affected a start of joyful surprise—to conceal the look of warning which Fleming had unheeded—having no eyes but for Faulkner's companion. She was a very fat negro woman, panting with exertion and suppressed impatience. Fleming's heart was filled with compunction.

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"Is you Marse Fleming?" she gasped.

"Yes," said Fleming gently. "What can I do for you?"

"Well! Ye kin pick dis yar insek—dis caterpillier," she said, pointing to Faulkner, "off my paf. Ye kin tell dis yar chipmunk dat when he comes to showing me muletracks for b'artracks he's barkin' up de wrong tree! Dat when he tells me dat he sees panfers a-promenadin' round in de short grass or hidin' behime rocks in de open, he hain't talkin' to no nigger chile, but a growed woman! Ye kin tell him dat Mammy Curtis lived in de woods afo' he was born, and hez seen more b'urs and mountain lyuns dan he hez hairs in his mustarches."

The word "Mammy" brought a flash of recollection to Fleming.

"I am very sorry," he began; but to his surprise the negro woman burst into a good-tempered laugh. "All right, honey! S'long's you is Marse Fleming and de man dat took dat 'ar pan offer Tinka de odder day, I ain't mindin' yo' fren's bedevilments. I've got somfin fo' you, yar, and a little box," and she handed him a folded paper.

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Fleming felt himself reddening, he knew not why, at which Faulkner discreetly but ostentatiously withdrew—conveying to his other partner painful conviction that Fleming had borrowed a pan from a traveling tinker whose negro wife was even now presenting a bill for the same, and demanding a settlement. Relieved by his departure, Fleming hurriedly tore open the folded paper. It was a letter written upon a leaf torn out of an old account book whose ruled lines had undoubtedly given his partners the idea that it was a bill. Fleming hurriedly read the following, traced with a pencil in a schoolgirl's hand:

"MR. J. FLEMING:

"*Dear Sir:* After you went away that day I took that pan you brought back to mix a batch of bread and biscuits. The next morning at breakfast Dad says: What's gone o' them thar biscuits—my teeth is just broke with them—they're so gritty—they're abominable! What's this, says he, and with that he chucks over to me two or three flakes of gold that was in them. You see, what had happened, Mr. Fleming, was this! You had better luck than you was knowing of! It was this way! Some of the gold you washed had got slipped into the sides of the pan where it was broke, and the sticky dough must have brought it out, and I kneaded them up unbeknowing. Of course, I had to tell a wicked lie, but, Be ye all things to all men, says the Book, and I thought you ought to know your good luck, and I send Mammy with this, and the gold in a little box. Of course, if Dad was a hunter of Mammon and not of God's own beasts, he would have been mighty keen about finding where it came from, but he allows it was in the water in our near spring. So good-by. Do you care for your ring now as much as you did?

"Yours very respectfully,

"KATINKA JALLINGER."

As Mr. Fleming glanced up from the paper, Mammy put a small cardboard box in his hand. For an instant he hesitated to open it, not knowing how far Mammy was intrusted with the secret. To his great relief, she said briskly: "Well, dar! now dat job's done gone and offen my han's, I allow to quit and just get off dis yer camp afo' ye kin shake a stick. So don't tell me nuffin' I ain't gotter tell when I goes back."

Fleming understood. "You can tell her I thank her—and—I'll attend to it," he said vaguely; "that is—I——"

"Hold dar! that's just enuff, honey—no mo'! So long to ye and youse folks." He watched her striding away toward the main road, and then opened the box.

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It contained three flakes of placer or surface gold, weighing in all about a quarter of an ounce. They could easily have slipped into the interstices of the broken pan and not have been observed by him. If this was the result of the washing of a single pan—and he could now easily imagine that other flakes might have escaped—what——! But he stopped, dazed and bewildered at the bare suggestion. He gazed upon the vanishing figure of "Mammy." Could she—could Katinka—have the least suspicion of the possibilities of this discovery? Or had Providence put the keeping of this secret into the hands of those who least understood its importance? For an instant he thought of running after her with a word of caution; but on reflection he saw that this might awaken her suspicion and precipitate a discovery by another.

His only safety for the present was silence until he could repeat his experiment. And that must be done quickly.

How should he get away without his partners' knowledge of his purpose? He was too loyal to them to wish to keep this good fortune to himself, but he was not yet sure of his good fortune. It might be only a little "pocket" which he had just emptied; it might be a larger one which another trial would exhaust.

He had put up no "notice"; he might find it already in possession of Katinka's father, or any chance prospector like himself. In either case he would be covered with ridicule by his partners and the camp—or more seriously rebuked for his carelessness and stupidity. No! he could not tell them the truth—nor could he lie. He would say he was called away for a day on private business.

Luckily for him the active imagination of his partners was even now helping him. The theory of the "tinker" and the "pan" was indignantly rejected by his other partner. His blushes and embarrassment were suddenly remembered by Faulkner, and by the time he reached his cabin they had settled that the negro woman had brought him a love letter! He was young and good-looking—what was more natural than that he should have some distant love affair?

His embarrassed statement that he must leave early the next morning on business that he could not at *present* disclose was considered amply confirmatory, and received with maliciously significant acquiescence. "Only," said Faulkner, "at *your* age, Sonny"—he was nine months older than Fleming—"I should have gone *to-night*." Surely Providence was favoring him!

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He was off early the next morning. He was sorely tempted to go first to the cabin—but every moment was precious until he had tested the proof of his good fortune.

It was high noon before he reached the fringe of forest. A few paces farther and he found the spring and outcrop. To avert his partners' suspicion he had not brought his own implements, but had borrowed a pan, spade and pick from a neighbor's claim before setting out. The spot was apparently in the same condition as when he left it, and with a beating heart he at once set to work—an easy task with his new implements. He nervously watched the water overflow the pan of dirt at its edges, until, emptied of earth and gravel, the black sand alone covered the bottom. A slight premonition of disappointment followed—a rich indication would have shown itself before this! A few more workings and the pan was quite empty except for a few pinpoints of "color," almost exactly the quantity he found before. He washed another pan with the same result. Another taken from a different level of the outcrop yielded neither more nor less! There was no mistake—it was a failure! His discovery had only been a little "pocket," and the few flakes she had sent him were the first and last of that discovery.

He sat down with a sense of relief; he could face his partners again without disloyalty; he could see that pretty little figure once more without the compunction of having incurred its father's prejudices by locating a permanent claim so near his cabin. In fact, he could carry out his partners' fancy to the letter!

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He quickly heaped his implements together and turned to leave the wood; but he was confronted by a figure that at first he scarcely recognized. Yet—it was Katinka! the young girl of the cabin, who had sent him the gold. She was dressed differently—perhaps in her ordinary every-day garments—a bright sprigged muslin, a chip hat with blue ribbons set upon a coil of luxurious brown hair. But what struck him most was that the girlish and diminutive character of the figure had vanished with her ill-fitting clothes; the girl that stood before him was of ordinary height and of a prettiness and grace of figure that he felt would have attracted anywhere. Fleming felt himself suddenly embarrassed—a feeling that was not lessened when he noticed that her pretty lip was compressed and her eyebrows a little straightened as she gazed at him.

"Ye made a bee line for the woods, I see," she said coldly. "I allowed ye might have been droppin' in to our house first."

"So I should," said Fleming quickly, "but I thought I ought to first make sure of the information you took the trouble to send me." He hesitated to speak of the ill luck he had just experienced; he could laugh at it himself—but would she?

"And ye got a new pan?" she said half poutingly.

Here seemed his opportunity. "Yes, but I'm afraid it hasn't the magic of yours. I haven't even got the color! I believe you bewitched your old pan."

Her face flushed a little and brightened, and her lip relaxed with a smile. "Go 'long with yer! Ye don't mean to say ye had no luck to-day?"

"None—but in seeing you."

Her eyes sparkled. "Ye see, I said all 'long ye weren't much o' a miner. Ye ain't got no faith. Ef ye had as much as a grain o' mustard seed, ye'd remove mountains; it's in the Book."

"Yes, and this mountain is on the bedrock, and my faith is not strong enough," he said laughingly. "And then, that would be having faith in Mammon, and you don't want me to have *that*."

She looked at him curiously. "I jest reckon ye don't keer a picayune whether ye strike anything or not," she said half admiringly.

"To please you, I'll try again, if you will look on. Perhaps you'll bring me luck as you did before. You shall take the pan. I will fill it and you shall wash it out. You'll be my *mascot*."

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She stiffened a little at this and then said pertly: "Wot's that?"

"My good fairy."

She smiled again, this time with a new color in her pale face. "Maybe I am," she said with sudden gravity.

He quickly filled the pan again with soil, brought it to the spring and first washed out the greater bulk of loose soil. "Now come here and kneel down beside me," he said, "and take the pan and do as I show you."

She knelt down obediently. Suddenly she lifted her little hand with a gesture of warning. "Wait a *minit*—jest a minit—till the water runs clear again."

The pool had become slightly discolored from the first washing.

"That makes no difference," he said quickly.

"Ah! but wait, please!" She laid her brown hand upon his arm; a pleasant warmth seemed to follow her touch. Then she said joyously: "Look down there."

"Where?" he asked.

"There—don't ye see it?"

"See what?"

"You and me!"

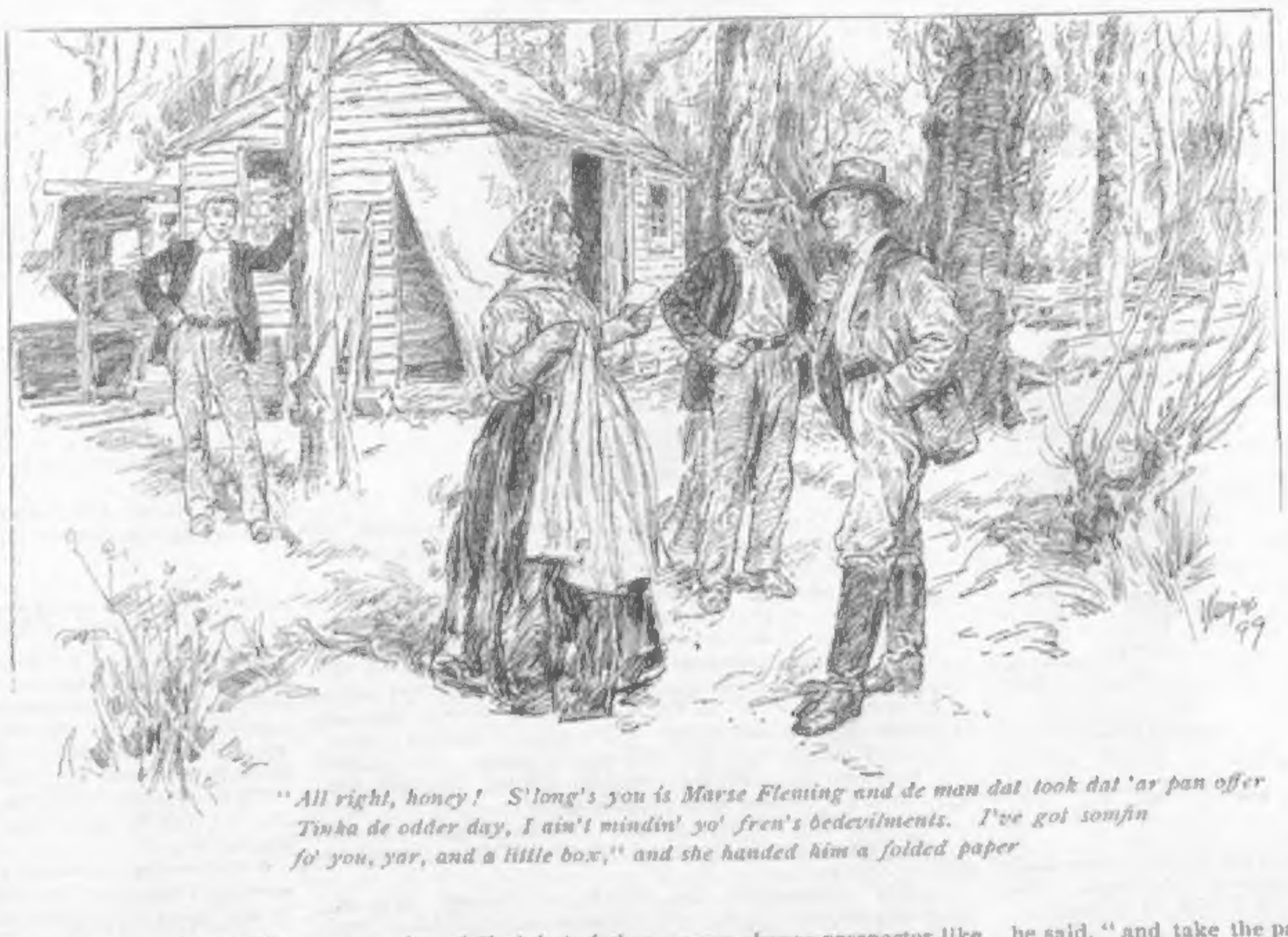
He looked where she pointed. The pool had settled, resumed its mirror-like calm, and reflected distinctly, not only their two bending faces, but their two figures kneeling side by side. Two tall redwoods rose on either side of them like the columns before an altar.

There was a moment of silence. The drone of a bumblebee nearby seemed to make the silence swim drowsily in their ears; far off they heard the faint beat of a woodpecker. The suggestion of their kneeling figures in this magic mirror was vague, unreasoning, yet for the moment none the less irresistible. His arm instinctively crept around her little waist as he whispered—he scarce knew what he said: "Perhaps here is the treasure I am seeking."

The girl laughed, released herself and sprang up; the pan sank ingloriously to the bottom of the pool, where Fleming had to grope for it, assisted by Tinka, who rolled up her sleeve to her elbow. For a minute or two they washed gravely, but with no better success than attended his own individual efforts. The result in the bottom of the pan was the same. Fleming laughed.

"You see," he said gayly, "the Mammon of righteousness is not for me—at least, so near your father's tabernacle."

"That makes no difference now," said the girl quickly,



"All right, honey! S'long's you is Marse Fleming and de man dat took dat 'ar pan offer Tinka de odder day, I ain't mindin' yo' fren's bedevilments. I've got somfin fo' you, yar, and a little box," and she handed him a folded paper

Editor's Note—A Treasure of the Redwoods is the first of four stories of the golden days in young California which Bret Harte is writing for The Saturday Evening Post.

"for dad is going to move, anyway, farther up the mountains. He says it's gettin' too crowded for him here—when the last settler took up a section three miles off."

"And are *you* going, too?" said the young man earnestly.

Tinka nodded her brown head. Fleming heaved a genuine sigh. "Well, I'll try my hand here a little longer. I'll put up a notice of claim—I don't suppose your father would object. You know he couldn't, *legally*."

"I reckon ye might do it ef ye wanted—ef ye was *that* keen on gettin' gold!" said Tinka, looking away. There was something in the girl's tone which this budding lover resented. He had become sensitive.

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"Oh, well," he said, "I see that it might make unpleasantness with your father. I only thought," he went on with tenderer tentativeness, "that it would be pleasant to work here near you."

"Ye'd be only wasting yer time," she said darkly.

Fleming rose gravely. "Perhaps you're right," he said sadly and a little bitterly, "and I'll go at once."

He walked to the spring and gathered up his tools. "Thank you again for your kindness, and good-by."

He held out his hand, which she took passively, and he moved away.

But he had not gone far before she called him. He turned to find her still standing where he had left her, her little hands clenched at her side, and her widely opened eyes staring at him. Suddenly she ran at him and, catching the lapels of his coat in both hands, held him rigidly fast.

"No! no! ye sha'n't go—ye mustn't go!" she said with hysterical intensity. "I want to tell ye something! Listen!—you—you—Mister Fleming! I've been a wicked, wicked girl! I've told lies to dad—to Mammy—to *you!* I've borne false witness—I'm worse than Sapphira—I've acted a big lie. Oh, Mr. Fleming, I've made ye come back here for nothing! Ye didn't find no gold the other day. There wasn't any. It was all me! I—I—*salted that pan!*"

"Salted it?" echoed Fleming in amazement.

"Yes—'salted it,'" she faltered, "that's what dad says they call it—what those wicked sons of Mammon do to their claims to sell them. I—put gold in the pan myself; it wasn't there before."

"But why?" gasped Fleming.

She stopped. Then suddenly the fountains in the deep of her blue eyes were broken up; she burst into a sob and buried her head in her hands, and her hands on his shoulder. "Because—because——" she sobbed against him—"*I wanted you* to come back!"

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He folded her in his arms. He kissed her lovingly, forgivingly, gratefully, tearfully, smilingly—and paused; then he kissed her sympathetically, understandingly, apologetically, explanatorily, in lieu of other conversation. Then becoming coherent he said:

"But *where* did you get the gold?"

"Oh," she said between fitful and despairing sobs, "somewhere!—I don't know—out of the old Run—long ago—when I was little! I didn't never dare say anything to dad—he'd have been crazy mad at his own daughter diggin'—and I never cared nor thought a single bit about it, until I saw you."

"And you have never been there since?"

"Never."

"Nor anybody else?"

"No."

Suddenly she threw back her head, her chip hat fell back from her face rosy with a dawning inspiration! "Oh! say, Jack!—you don't think that—after all this time—there might——" She didn't finish the sentence, but grasping his hand said: "Come!"

She caught up the pan, he seized the shovel and pick, and they raced like boy and girl down the hill. When within a few hundred feet of the house she turned at right angles into the clearing, and saying, "Don't be skeered; dad's away," ran boldly on, still holding his hand, along the little valley. At its farther extremity they came to the "Run"—a half-secluded as the forest spring. "Nobody ever came here," said the girl hurriedly, "after dad sunk the well at the house."

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One or two pools still remained in the Run from the last season's flow—water enough to wash out several pans of dirt. Selecting a spot where the white quartz was visible, Fleming attacked the bank with the pick. After one or two blows it began to yield and crumble away at his feet. He washed out a panful perfunctorily, more intent on the girl than his work; she, eager, alert and breathless, had changed places with him, and become the anxious prospector! But the result was the same. He threw away the pan with a laugh, to take her little hand! But she whispered, "Try again."

He attacked the bank once more with such energy that a great part of it caved and fell, filling the pan and even burying the shovel in the *débris*. He unearthed the latter while Tinka was struggling to get out the pan.

"The mean thing is stuck and won't move," she said pettishly. "I think it's broken now, too—just like ours."

Fleming came laughingly forward, and, putting one arm around the girl's waist, attempted to assist her with the other. The pan was immovable, and indeed seemed to be broken and bent. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation and began hurriedly to brush away the dirt and throw the soil out of the pan.

In another moment he had revealed a fragment of decomposed quartz like discolored honeycombed cheese, half filling the pan. But on its side, where the pick had struck it glancingly, there was a yellow streak like a ray of sunshine! And as he strove to lift it he felt in that unmistakable omnipotency of weight that it was seamed and celled with gold!

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The news of Mr. Fleming's engagement, two weeks later, to the daughter of the recluse religious hunter who had made a big strike at Lone Run, excited some skeptical discussion even among the honest congratulations of his partners.

"That's a mighty queer story how Jack got that girl sweet on him just by borrowin' a prospectin' pan of her," said Faulkner between the whiffs of his pipe under the trees. "You and me might have borrowed a hundred prospectin' pans and never got even a drink thrown in! Then to think

"YE MADE A BEE LINE FOR THE WOODS, I SEE," SHE SAID COLDLY.
"I ALLOWED YE MIGHT HAVE BEEN DROPPIN' IN TO OUR HOUSE FIRST"

of that old preachin' coon-hunter hevin' to give in, and pass his strike over to his daughter's feller—jest because he had scruples about gold-diggin' himself! He'd hev booted you and me outer his ranch first!"

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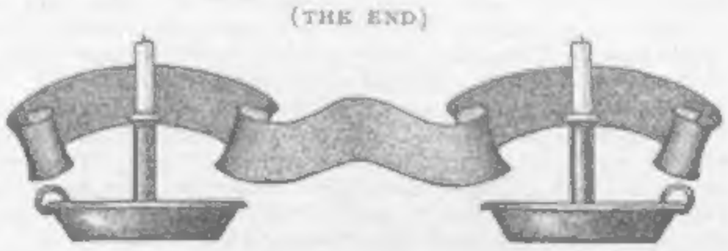
"Lord! ye ain't takin' no stock in that hogwash," responded the other. "Why, everybody knows old man Jallinger pretended to be sick o' miners and mining camps, and couldn't bear to hev 'em near him, only jest because he himself was all the while secretly prospectin' the whole lode, and didn't want no interlopers. It was only when Fleming nippled in, by getting hold o' the girl, that Jallinger knew the secret was out, and that's the way he bought him off. Why, Jack wasn't no miner—never was—ye could see that! *He* never struck anything. The only treasure he found in the woods was Tinka Jallinger."

(THE END)



A RIDE WITH THE PRESIDENT

THE wise General Manager of the great railroad said: "I am never nervous except when I have charge of the President of the United States."

We were sitting in the Manager's car, the last one of the long train that was carrying the President and a party of distinguished Americans from Omaha to Washington. The Superintendent was there, along with half a dozen minor officials, all under instruction as to some phase of the journey then under way.

Mr. Brown, the General Manager of the northern lines of the Burlington, the company then in control of the President's train, was in consultation with Mr. Elliott, General Manager of the southern lines, to which the train was to pass at the city of Quincy. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, furnishing the extensive and luxurious equipage, was represented on board, but the immediate conduct of the important work of moving the President and his party was, as it always is, in the hands of the railroad over whose rails the train was moving.

Mr. Brown and Mr. Elliott glanced at the speed indicator. The train was going forty-eight miles an hour. "See Mr. Cortelyou," said one of them, "and ask him if the President wants to stop at ——."

The President smilingly said that there ought to be a little stop at the place.

"One of my old Congressional friends lives there," he said.

When the train stopped there was the usual scurrying of celebrities to the rear platform. The unobserving would have thought that everything was centred there; but the General Managers and the Superintendents were busy with other duties. Dozens of telegrams were taken up—some for the train force, some for the secretaries, and some for the President himself.

Municipal authorities were asking for an extension of time from ten to twenty minutes, from one hour to two. Other telegrams were put off, some asking for information as to details of arrangements, some as answers to previously received questions, some positive instructions as to a cleared track, others messages of caution to officials one hundred miles farther on.

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Men who have in hand the management of a Presidential train find the crowds hard to manage. Thousands of eager citizens swarm across the tracks and interfere with schedule time. So, keeping in mind the rights of all, the railroad managers sometimes find it necessary to resort to innocent trickery. For instance, at Burlington, no one save a wise telegraph operator knew just what one of scores of tracks the Presidential train would take. Of course it was not the track in the people's mind. So it was possible for the cars to slip into their berths without the slightest delay. The President and his companions were in carriages on the way to the public speaking stand before the crowds at the station were sure of his arrival. They were fooled, of course, but the little trick was necessary, or the program would have been seriously delayed, not for Burlington alone, but for other towns far ahead.

This particular day had been a hard one. Dozens of speeches had been made in a strong wind. Still others were to be made in the evening—as late as eleven o'clock. The next day the President was to speak in a large city.

One of his secretaries was manifestly worried lest the Executive would not have sufficient rest. The General Managers talked it over. It was decided to speed the train early in the evening, in order that it might be run more slowly after the President had retired. Then there was yet another thing to do—completely change the route. Some one suggested that certain towns would be keenly disappointed.

"Not after midnight," said one of the General Managers." On the other hand, there may be small crowds at some of the towns on the advertised route, and these will be sure, with bands and shouting, to keep the Presidential party awake."

The wisdom of the course was plain to be seen. So there was more telegraphing, to the end that through the late hours of the night the Presidential train ran over an unadvertised route, only to get back to the scheduled tracks by the time the party had breakfasted. All night long one of the General Managers sat at his desk reading and writing telegrams, receiving officials of the train and watching the speed indicator.

When, at noon the next day, the train passed to the hands of another railroad company, the General Manager of the night before was sleepless, but he had a rested feeling as he saw the great train safe and sound under the sheds, and the President, bright-eyed and refreshed, bowing from a carriage that worked its tedious way through a crowded street.

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The Final Triumph of Right

THE turn the Dreyfus affair has taken is more than a personal triumph—it is the vindication of right and truth to the whole world and for the whole world. It is Justice proclaiming that she still lives, that she is awake, that she is an eternal fact—not a dreamer's theory. It is a mighty lesson of the downfall of an Army waging war against one man—but with truth on his side. It should give courage to all who are disheartened in their fight against adverse conditions. The angel of Patience that watched by the side of Dreyfus for four long years of sorrow, isolation and degradation will be equally faithful to all who believe in her. She will lead all men through the valley of their sorrow to the heights of their final triumph.

The prosperity of the wicked is the temptation of the good. Every individual has times of trial, sorrow, suffering and despair—when the lamp of hope burns low, when struggle seems useless, when the heart grows weary. Then it seems that virtue pays constant assessments while vice gets all the dividends. Men who are dishonest, intriguing and corrupt, it then seems, build up great fortunes, and mount high like the eagle, while honor creeps like a snail in the dust of poverty. But, as the days go on, the man who is living his life simply and truly begins to see events in their real, moral perspective. The great object lesson of the Dreyfus affair is but another message to him of comfort and strength. He sees again that Justice does not forever sleep in her temple, with her scales cobwebbed and rusty by her side, that bribery and dishonor cannot forever usurp the throne of right. The gentle moving of the hand of Time reveals the mysterious workings by which Truth always triumphs.

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It requires patience, calm, gentle, steady patience, to see it all. Patience is the soil in which all the other virtues grow. It is unfailing optimism through continuous trial and struggle. It is will-power expressed in bearing, in loyalty, in waiting. The only time in life when a man does not need to exercise patience is—during his sleep.

Those who would make patience the keynote of their lives must learn it and live it in two distinct phases—passive and active.

Passive patience is endurance. It is the peaceful acceptance of each day's cares, sorrows, trials and worries. It is bearing without a murmur undeserved reproaches and condemnation. It is suppressing rebellion against the daily round of disagreeable duties. It is keeping self-controlled. It is living life bravely when hope and illusion are dead. It is taking without protest those things we like least, because it seems necessary to accept them. It is keeping one's mind and heart sweet, pure and genial in an atmosphere of ingratitude, folly, deceit, unkindness, wilfulness, injustice and pain. It is part of the great heroism of the commonplace—the silent, unnoted, unrecognized courage of daily life.

Active patience consists of doing, not bearing. It is plodding, persistent, persevering conquest of trifles, toward the realization of an ideal—the attainment of an end. It is content with progress—no matter how slight, how trivial, how slow. It is the conservation of every ray of mental energy. It achieves all things—by working, watching, waiting.

Patience should be one of the great foundation stones of every character—for its loss weakens all the other virtues, gives power and dominion to all the vices.

—WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

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Reading only clean literature is the only way to keep literature clean.

• • •

The "Irritable Race"

THE vanity of authors is a theme too well worn for argument or illustration. We know that they are vain, having been told so all our lives; and no literary records, with the solitary exception of Scott's letters and journal, are calculated to remove this impression from our minds. But it is only now and then that some chance anecdote or belated criticism shows us how inordinately vain they are expected to be, and how natural it is for them to live up to the requirements of their friends and admirers. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, for example, whose volumes of reminiscences have left little untold concerning the "orthodox gods of Boston culture," has twice repeated his conviction that Mr. Lowell was lacking in tact, because, forsooth! at a "famous dinner to Mr. and Mrs. Stowe," he discoursed eloquently to the latter on the "superiority of Tom Jones to all other novels."

But why should not Mr. Lowell have praised Tom Jones to Mrs. Stowe? If he held Tom Jones to be a greater novel than Esmond, or The Bride of Lammermoor, or Pride and Prejudice, why should he not have said so, even to a lady whose sense of propriety—however intermittent—may have been shocked by the frank sensuality of Fielding's hero? Colonel Higginson cannot surely mean to imply that Mr. Lowell's want of tact lay in his intimating that Tom Jones was a better novel than Uncle Tom's Cabin. Such a comparison could hardly have been entertained by either speaker.

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Mrs. Stowe's fame rested on no literary foundations, but on the broad supports of philanthropy and reform. She clearly recognized her own success, and was wont, in certain moods, to claim large measure of inspiration for her work; but to assume that she ranked herself with the great English novelists is a suggestion too cruel in its absurdity. And even had such a pleasurable conceit crept betimes into her soul, it could hardly have been expected that Mr. Lowell, critic and scholar, should have dreamed of any possible rivalry between the two Toms.

We are all familiar with the ardent fashion in which enthusiasts rush into print to say that The Rise of Silas Lapham is a better story than The Vicar of Wakefield, or that The Tragic Muse is vastly superior to The Three Musketeers, or that Huckleberry Finn is very much funnier than Don Quixote. But then, no one ever dreams of taking these remarks seriously; least of all, let us hope, the living authors, to whom the palms and pedestals thus offered must seem of doubtful permanence.

Once in a long while we do see a belated mortal throning himself affably on these insecure supports, and manifesting much indignation when they give way; but, as a rule, the vanity of the *genus irritabile* has hardly kept pace with the ardor of its upholders. When an essayist sees in seductive print that he ought to be read by American students instead of Addison; when a poet learns to his amazement—for he must be amazed—that he is worthy of honor inasmuch as he does *not* resemble Shelley, or Keats, or Tennyson; and when a story-writer is assured that the "great American novel," or the "great nineteenth-century novel," or the "great problematic novel," or the "great psychological novel," or the great Heaven-knows-what novel has just issued from his pen, it is much to the credit of these wonders of the age that they don't believe half that is said of them.

—AGNES REPPLIER.

• • •

It begins to look as if the only way to get out of the Philippines is to go all the way in.

• • •

The Futility of Revenge

THREE things are against revenge—religion, law and common sense; in favor of it is the satisfaction of getting even. But the hope of getting even by revenge is futile; either the other party gets revenge in his turn, so starting an endless series, or the law steps in, or the higher law imposes the penalty of degradation of character, incident to embracing the baser instead of the loftier view of the relations between man and man.

At bottom, the trouble is that we are Christians only from the lips outward, disbelieving that evil may be overcome by good. Yet the aim of revenge is victory—the acknowledgment by my enemy of my superiority, and his consequent relinquishment of designs against me. But it is never by crippling or cowing my enemy, temporarily or finally, that I can win this victory; I shall thereby but inflame his hostility against me, and keep alive in him the will to destroy me, even though the power be lacking. Now since the injury he did me was but the physical expression of his injurious desire, and in itself, apart from the motive back of it, was indifferent, calling for no revenge, it is plain that my revenge leaves the real matter untouched, and absurdly wreaks itself upon the symbol. What hurt me—the injurious intent—remains even fresher after my revenge than it was before; and I might as wisely have broken the dagger with which he stabbed me, and let him go scot free.

Moreover, my blow for blow does but gratify his hatred by certifying him of the success of his attack. His triumph is to see me bleed; it were childish to imagine that his blood can staunch mine; the more savage my retaliation, the more is he assured of having reached my vital spot. I can disappoint him only by making him think me unscathed; whereas my overt resentment proves me touched.

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Long-cherished or hereditary revenges are more futile than those spurred by the moment, because they impose slavery upon the avenger. To "live for revenge" is to burden the soul and mind with passions which inevitably destroy integrity and usefulness, whether or not they realize their ostensible purpose. My supposed victim becomes my jailer and taskmaster, forcing me to abandon my honest thoughts, and surrender my useful impulses, to devote myself exclusively to him. He makes me live the life of a devil instead of a man, and thereby wreaks a revenge on me far worse than any I can hope to satisfy on him. For his sake I do mischief to myself which neither he nor any other man could do to me; and I fatuously flatter myself, meanwhile, that I am planning to "get even!"

But suppose that, after all my planning, I succeed in killing him? That seems to be my triumph, but in truth it is his. Being dead, he is beyond me; but while I have merely caused him to cease to live, he has caused me to do murder, and still has the best of it. All men must die; but murder is a burden voluntarily assumed, and never to be cast off. My devil's life has culminated in my murderous act; but it is not ended by it. My devilish purpose is accomplished; but the devastation it has wrought in me remains. Moreover, if I lived to destroy him, now that he is destroyed my occupation's gone. There is no good left for me in this world; and if there be another world, I can look for none there. I have outraged society, and I have presumed to exercise the function of the Almighty. I have done fatal harm to myself, and to my enemy (beyond the momentary pang of death, which is a trifle) I have done none. And my main business henceforth is restricted to meditating on these things, and deriving from them what consolation I may.

If, on the other hand, I had repaid my enemy's evil with good, I should have conquered him, strengthened myself, and benefited society. —JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

• • •

You master the first great lesson of usefulness to society when you cheerfully admit to yourself that the other man has as much right to his opinion as you have to yours.

• • •

The Flagstone Method

MUSHROOMS, we are told, can lift a flagstone in a single night. Perhaps they can; but we do not therefore recommend the cultivator to put flagstones on his mushroom beds. The flagstone is not quoted as an improver of flavor, texture or freedom of growth in mushrooms.

It is observed also that transcendent genius can surmount difficulties. We have many instances of this sociological fact. But as we do not know how many mute, inglorious mushrooms have not lifted flagstones, but perished miserably thereunder, so we cannot estimate the number of geniuses who have failed to transcend their difficulties.

Genius-culture, however, being but an infant industry among us, our common inference from the surprising emergence of Genius from Difficulty is that the proper cultivation of genius requires heavy mulching with difficulties, and that where we find solid beds of natural difficulties there we may expect to find geniuses bursting up like crocuses in spring.

On studying our previous crop of geniuses we become aware, however, of certain characteristics in them alike painful to the possessor and his neighbors, and it is here suggested that our flagstone method of cultivation is responsible therefor.

We see about us a large majority of average people enjoying life, or trying to, in very much the same way. Then here and there shoots up the transcendent genius, awkward and lonesome as an ostrich in a duckyard—to swing our metaphor from flora to fauna—tall, isolated, scrawny, and exceedingly ill-tempered.

The "eccentricity of genius" has been allowed, perforce, but is it any advantage? Is it really essential? Might not genius do its work with less eccentricity and more comfort, personal and adjacent?

Where the pressure of mediocrity lies so heavy on us all, those who do have strength to burst up through it find themselves removed from close companionship, and greatly damaged and embittered by the struggle. The human creature needs his kind close about him, not only for pleasure, but as a healthy standard of measurement.

The ducks may admire the ostrich—as we do an obelisk—but they are not very sociable, and do not enjoy being stepped on. Meanwhile the ostrich, overestimating his size for want of closer comparison, finding his efforts to be friendly, gravely misunderstood, and wearying of the muscular strain involved in not stepping on creatures so small, so numerous, and so temptingly under foot, relaxes his efforts to be congenial, and with alternations of self-conceit and self-abasement proceeds to manifest the eccentricity of genius. Now, if all degrees of genius were free to unfold naturally under a wise and delicately adjusted education, the ostrich, shaded down by emu, cassowary and tall-spread turkey-cock, would be neither so lonely nor so unpleasant.

We need successive gradations or geniuses, not so high above their neighbors, less isolated, less proud, less painfully self-conscious; and in that more normal and happy relation we should not only see the world enriched with noble work, but a happy and useful life made possible to those great servants of humanity. The strength they need to do their splendid work is too often spent in forcing slowly through the obstacles that we pile on originality; they may burst forth in time, but none the better for lifting flagstones.

—CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

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Raising funds for heroes is the most effective way to cheapen the heroes and discourage heroism. And then, after all the damage is done, the funds are seldom raised.

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Taking Stock of the Century

ALREADY the philosophers and historians have begun to take stock of the old century. They are trumpeting the triumphs of modern science—steam and electricity, spectrum analysis, photography, oxyhydrogen microscopes, tamed bacilli and Roentgen rays, liquefied air and all the rest—in a bewildering chorus of approbation. This is all very well in its way. Perhaps the achievements of science cannot be overpraised, but there are other discoveries, quite as important—a trifle more important, I hope—that are in the way of being neglected.

In the first place, we have learned to appreciate the beauty of Nature. In the classical world, in the mediæval—even in the pretty eighteenth century—no one admired beautiful scenery. Doctor Johnson looked at Ben Lomond and saw "nothing in it." The heathy hills and naked *scaurs* merely shocked him. Our love for wood and hill and dale is essentially modern—modern as the steam engine. With this love for the open world has come a taste for romance. The Knights of old went plundering; adventurers sailed the unknown seas in hope of finding the white elephants and loose jewels of Prester John or the gold of Eldorado. Look at the pretty, ruffled gentlemen of a hundred years ago, sipping chocolate and filing epigrams! To-day men of the same class explore Africa, scramble up the Jungfrau, hunt Indian jungles—face hardships and peril out of pure gayety and daring, "for the fun of the thing." That spirit is new, almost as new as liquefied air.

But we have done better than that—we who are the tenants-for-life of the good old earth, in this nineteenth century. We have discovered humanity. We have stopped bull-baiting, cock-fighting; we have passed laws declaring no man has the inherent right to "wallop his own donkey." We have thrown the mantle of charity over the wretched world of dumb brutes. I think that is quite as notable an achievement as the discovery of actinic rays or the cholera bacillus, and more important in its influence on the race.

And last? We have discovered philanthropy. Mediæval Christendom was not much kinder than Greece and Rome—for Paynim dogs, for dissenters, for criminals, for the sick and insane it had no kindness at all. The last century, for all its pretty, perfumed graces, was pitilessly cruel. It was reserved for this age to make the first protest against "man's inhumanity to man"—to erect the first altar to altruism and social charity—as well as to discover wireless telegraphy.

—VANCE THOMPSON.

Washington has its share of impostors. Not long ago a very shabby, olive-faced foreigner was observed at one of the receptions making an onslaught on the refreshment table that betokened a ravenous appetite. A vigilant attendant, suspecting that the hungry individual had been self-invited, approached him and said in an undertone "I beg pardon, sir, but a reporter from one of the papers, who is making a list of the guests, wants to know your name, sir"

Straightening himself up to his full height, the voracious stranger said impressively, and with a strong foreign accent: "Tell ze reportair zat I am ze Ministair from Greece," and went placidly on with his eating

The waiter apologized most abjectly, and retired quite satisfied as to the respectability of the suspected guest, for to be a member of the Diplomatic Corps insures an entrance to the smartest houses at the Capital. As a matter of fact, the man was a clever fraud, quick of wit, and with a knowledge of affairs. If there had been a Greek Minister the creature with the wolfish appetite would not have dared proclaim himself as that individual for fear of being confronted with the genuine diplomat. As he knew there was no such representative at the American Capital, he quite naturally—and correctly—concluded that the waiter would be ignorant on the subject and a shrewd bluff would go.

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Apropos, it is interesting to note that not since 1888, when Jean Gennadius, after a very short and uneventful career on this hemisphere, betook himself home without so much as saying good-by or presenting his letters of recall, moved to this unceremonious exit by some fancied insult, has Greece been represented at this Capital, and as there is but little business of a diplomatic character between the two countries it is hardly worth while for King George to maintain a Legation at Washington, although this Government continues to keep a Minister at Athens, who is accredited to Servia and Roumania also

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The President and Mrs. McKinley watch the great crowds that gather of a Saturday afternoon to listen to the concerts by the Marine Band in the grounds of the White House, from the south portico. Occasionally Mrs. McKinley will beckon one of the children to come up and make her a call. Happy the child so honored, for none of Mrs. McKinley's small guests is sent away without some souvenir of the memorable visit. Sometimes it is a photograph of the President, sometimes a gay badge, but oftenest it is a handful of flowers

Not long ago at one of these concerts a little girl of four came toddling down the great marble staircase that leads from Mrs. McKinley's point of vantage into the grounds below, clutching her nurse with one hand and waving in the other chubby fist a huge American Beauty rose. "Tinley dabe it to me! Tinley dabe it to me!" she announced in a shrill little voice to the flock of envious children below

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The Duchess D'Arcos, wife of the new Spanish Minister, was brought up in Washington, where she has many friends, both among the smart set and among that far larger number who depend upon charity for a living. The poor people, who benefited from her generosity and who never tire of telling of her goodness and sweetness of character, hailed her return with joy. Shortly after her arrival at the capital a crowd gathered about the entrance of the hotel to watch the Duchess as she started out for her afternoon drive.

"Here, you people, get away from here," said an officious attendant as he waved the onlookers back; "the Duchess doesn't like to be stared at as she's a great deal."

"There's where you're way off," shouted a man in the crowd who had substantial reason to remember the Duchess, "she's that kind that she'd sit out in front of the hotel for a week if it would make anybody happy

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Senator Thurston, of Nebraska, is one of the most eloquent men in the Senate, and there is rarely any irrelevant conversation going on when he has the floor. His earnestness compels attention, and he never fathers a bill or resolution in which he is not deeply interested.

Like many of his colleagues, he was the architect of his own fortune, and worked his way through college, devoting the summers and winters to earning the wherewithal to pay for his courses in the fall and spring. Mr. Thurston's ambition, from the time he wore roundabouts, was to be two things: a lawyer and a Senator. Both of these ambitions he has achieved. But like so many people who finally get possession of what they strive for, his life in the Senate has not been as great in glory as he hoped.

During the last year he has frequently thought of abandoning his chair in the Senate, to enter once more into the active practice of law, which is eminently to his taste, but finally, yielding to the advice of his colleagues and the wishes of his constituents, he decided to serve out his term.

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The Russian Ambassador, who comes from a distinguished family of the Russian nobility, which in every generation since the time of Catherine the Great has been represented in the service of the State, is one of the most conspicuous members of the Diplomatic Corps. He is a man of imposing presence, extremely handsome, and with elegant address and manner, an ideal diplomatist, both in presence and accomplishments. His father and grandfather played prominent rôles at court, and the Ambassador himself, who is fifth in rank in the diplomatic service, is in high favor with the Czar. Count Cassini has represented his country in almost every part of the world, and has never failed to add to her prestige, for he is not only an astute and sagacious official, but a man of agreeable and genial social attributes.

The scene of his most notable service was China, and it is said his advancement to the grade of Ambassador was a reward for the potent service he rendered Russia in the Celestial Kingdom, where he was extremely popular with the high officials

On leaving China Count Cassini returned to Russia through the little known country of Mongolia, under an escort of several thousand men and horses furnished by the Emperor as a parting evidence of esteem for the Czar's envoy. In spite of the precautions taken, the trip was an extremely hazardous one, and many adventures and hairbreadth escapes added to the interest of the journey

Count Cassini is a widower, but he has entertained continuously since he came to Washington, the Embassy being presided over by his grandniece—a child in years, but a woman in *savoir faire* and accomplishments. Miss Cassini is a beautiful and charming girl, and under her régime the Muscovite Embassy bids fair to take the leading place in the diplomatic circle, a place it occupied under Madame de Struve, the most capable and brilliant foreigner ever resident at the national capital

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Not long ago an enthusiastic creature, quite old enough to know better, approached Admiral Schley with a sweet smile and said: "Oh, Admiral I'm so proud of you! Shall I embrace you as the ladies all over the country have been embracing Hobson?"

No, madam," responded the Admiral gallantly, "for if you should kiss me you might live to regret it, now, if I kissed you that would, of course, be impossible. I could never regret it." With this subtle compliment, the brave old sailor backed away, glad to escape an assault it would have been ungallant to repulse.

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Among the recent visitors to the National Museum were a party of Indians who, in blankets and feathers, naturally attracted attention. They seemed so dazed by their surroundings that an employee of the Museum dark and swarthy from much exposure in field work, approached them and inquired in Choctaw, which he spoke fluently, if he could be of any service in showing them about the Museum. The Indians grunted and shook their heads, but the amiable employee persisted in his endeavor to make them understand.

"I regret I do not speak the language of his tribe," finally said a young brave, who, it was afterward learned, had graduated at Hampton, to one of the attendants near by

Now if this young man, who evidently has the best intentions toward us, could speak English we should have a medium of [illegible].

The associates of "this young man with the best intentions" have not yet finished teasing him about his Choctaw.

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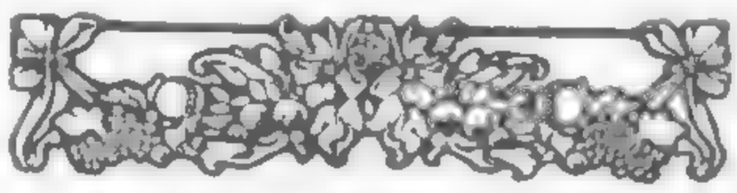

MARK LEMON'S SONG

By ROBERT J. BURDETTE

"The youth of the soul is everlasting, and eternity is youth."
—Richter.

"Oh, would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of sunny years,
And all the heart then knew of pain
Was swept away in transient tears!"

Drone of schoolroom like the bees
Swarming in the apple trees
Swish of cradle in the wheat,
Bob White's whistle, clear and sweet;
Laughter running like a rill
Down the hickory shaded hill;
Indrawn hiss or cry of woe—
Hornet sting, or stub of toe
"Sorrow's crown of sorrows," say—
When it rained on circus day.

"When every late Hope whispered them,
My fancy deemed was only truth,
Oh, would that I could know again
The happy visions of my youth!"

All the friendships of the time
Running on past manhood's prime,
Colonel, Judge and Commodore—
Just the boys they were of yore;
Dream of bridal loveliness—
Sweetheart in her schoolgirl dress,
Everything that could not be,
Faith and Hope and Love could see
Outlined in Futurity.

There was to mourn that years have shown
How false those fairy visions were,
Or murmur that mine eyes have known
The burthen of a single tear."

Heads of sunny gold and brown
Decked with Honor's silver crown;
Eyes of brown and gray and blue,
Oriel windows looking through:
Songs that gladdened days of old,
Changed to voices strange or cold,
Dreams that flamed the morning bright,
Ashes in the evening light,
And the dust is resting on
Lips that kissed and eyes that shone

"But still the heart will fondly cling
To hopes no longer prized as truth,
And memory still delights to bring
The happy visions of my youth."

Softer than the dreaming time,
Vesper bells of evening chime,
All the visions morning blessed,
Glow in splendor in the West;
Love lives on, forever young;
Hope still sings, with sweeter tongue;
All the old joys come again;
Faith is clearer now than then;
Bring to-morrow what it may—
In its heart lives yesterday!

The Derelict

By REV FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D

President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor

"SAIL on the starboard bow!" sung out the watchman to the officer on the bridge

Soon the little speck came into range, and we noticed that the craft was acting very strangely

As we drew nearer we saw that although her masts were intact, her sails were literally blown to shreds, that her decks were almost even with the water's edge, that she was evidently waterlogged, and perhaps abandoned. For the sake of finding out if any suffering men were still on board, the Captain bore down upon the ship until one could almost throw a biscuit on her deck. But it was evident that there was not a sign of life about her. The last sailor had deserted her

It was indeed a pathetic sight to see this once proud and trim craft, built to buffet the waves, at the mercy of the least of them; to see this once beautiful ship, with her fine lines and her shapely prow, built to pursue a straight and undeviating course from port to port, staggering and reeling like a drunken man under every puff of wind or tidal current

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The story needs only to be told to teach its own truth. The photograph of the derelict tells its own tale, and it tells the tale of many a fair, young life that is drifting, rudderless and pilotless—a derelict upon life's ocean.

All ships may be divided into two classes—the one class plying the ocean with some port in view, answering to their helms, guided by some master mind, following the direction which the magnetic needle points out, never far from the course laid down in the chart; and the other class, battered and beaten by wind and wave, deserted apparently by God and man, drifting aimlessly, a menace to every other vessel, but with no possibility of reaching a home port

So, alas! may all lives be classified. There is the purposeful, resourceful life, the life that has an end in view, the life that is guided by great principles, and that has a home port beyond the stars; a life with a rudder, and a man at the helm; a life with a chart and compass to show how its course should be steered

There is, too, the other class of lives represented by the derelict, drifting on the trackless ocean; lives that are swayed this way and that by every passing breeze of circumstance; lives that apparently have no master mind at the wheel, and no definite object in view, and no home port

This derelict which our Captain overhauled started out from some home port. Her owners foresaw no disaster. Her crew expected no shipwreck. This dismantled ocean wanderer came from the shipyard as trim and beautiful a craft as any. She was chartered and loaded, and she sailed with full expectation of reaching port. But the storm overtook her and she could not stand the stress of weather.

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The saddest thing about the human derelict is that it, too, usually leaves the home port with high hopes and expectations. It is built to buffet the waves of adversity and temptation. It is provided by God with all necessary appliances for a successful voyage. Its masts commonly are stout, and its sails are strong. Its chart is correct and its compass true. There is no need of shipwreck or disaster, but the tempest of temptation arises

The storm and stress of untoward circumstance beat upon the human bark. Reason, prudence, and finally hope itself deserts the craft. The Divine Pilot is never appealed to for guidance, and the human steersman becomes disheartened and discouraged, until the poor old wreck is deserted by its own Captain and goes drifting and reeling, this way and that, under the influence of passion and strong drink and sin, until its last hour has come and the world is forever relieved of the blight and danger of its uncontrolled existence

Oh! the horror of such a fate! The woe of the human derelict! But this fate need overtake no young man or woman. No storm of life is so fierce that it need wreck the human bark. There is no temptation that cannot be overcome. There is no little craft that ever sailed from the haven of home that could not have the great Captain of all life for its pilot, the Saviour of the world for its helmsman, the heaven of bliss for its port.

Thank God for this. Thank God, too, that there is no derelict on life's sea so old and weather beaten and battered and blown to pieces but if it offers a sincere prayer for help, and makes an earnest determination to steer Heavenward, can have the Saviour for its pilot, and can sail, if not over untroubled seas, at least safely over every wave of temptation, until the harbor of eternal rest is reached, and the anchor is dropped forever in the haven and heaven of peace.

[illegible] by Hunter Clark

The Circle of a Century

Part I—In Old New York

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

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Chapter VI

NO ONE need say a word to me, mamma!" cried Lucilla, stamping her foot passionately "I am going to town to look after him, and there's an end of it I have given my orders to my people, and nothing on earth shall stop me. If I could take him to my house and give him everything it contains, I'd do so. You don't know how mean and base I've been to him—to send back all of his dear letters unread; and oh! how I wish I had them now!

"When I say unread, I will tell you the truth, mamma I peeped into one of them, and it said he was mine till death Mine till death, and I not go to him now? If I hadn't been hard as a flint, and so jealous I couldn't think, I'd have taken his word then. Polly says he has never been near that girl since, and that everybody knows it. He has behaved so beautifully since he has been in trouble that even the President has praised and commended him. To think I was the only one to hold back, and now—oh! it is too cruel. I meant to bring him back to me just as soon as we could get into town, when there'd be some excuse for it. Mamma, you must speak. You must say you are sorry for me or I'll never confide in you again. Don't you see that my heart is breaking?"

"If you will cease speaking yourself long enough to give me a chance, Lucilla," said Madam Chester, dark with disapprobation, "I should be glad, at least, to ask how you know this scandalous duel was on your account?"

"Polly says the town is full of it. Arnold had failed once to provoke him into a quarrel, and again that same night repeated the insult in such a way that Hope could not avoid taking the matter up They met at daybreak the next morning—the day *he* was to have set off on the journey that promised him such honor and credit. He purposely avoided aiming at Arnold, who in return shot him

"Oh, the monster the murderer! Mamma, he won't die; you don't think he'll die till I get there? See, I am doing my best to be brave and strong and worthy of him; if he only had known I love him; if I can but tell him so once, I'll be satisfied. I believe the girls don't suspect me. No one but you knows that if he dies I'll never smile again. They think I am going to town to make what friends I can for Arnold's dastardly [illegible] but you know, mamma, you know [illegible] know

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"Lucilla, my child, calm yourself Your eyes are wild, and your face is dreadfully flushed. Don't you think 'twould be better to lie down? My duty as a parent, however little exercised, cannot be put aside, and in your present condition I should consider it not only an impropriety, but madness for you to go to town."

"Madness be it, then!" cried Mrs Warriner. "I have made all my preparations! I take with me Myrtilla, and Peter on the box with the coachman. Both of [illegible] only to be trusted, and will suffice to protect me in an emergency. See, there comes the chariot to the door I am sorry to take issue with you on a question of propriety, but of this I must be judge. And if my blood is hot, there'll be time a-plenty for it to cool before we get there. Good-by, mamma; and be sure I shall ask for no more of your sympathy."

Sweeping a curtsy to the angry dowager, she dashed out of the room. Myrtilla, waiting in the entry, perilously near to the keyhole, was swept along by her mistress' impetuous movement

Betsy and Polly, perched like caryatides one on either side the front door, received Lucilla's farewells with differing emotions. Poor little Polly, who had long ago renounced her nascent admiration of Laurence in the widow's favor, whispered in her friend's ear something that made Lucilla turn and kiss her once again before she hurried off

After the departure, Miss Crewe, in the general denunciation of Arnold Warriner, kept her opinion to herself. She was afraid to advance her poor little theory that perhaps Captain Warriner had received provocation of which no one was aware Madam Chester, to rid herself of feelings implanted by her daughter's rebellious action, chose frequently to turn the conversation to the crime, previous shortcomings and certain doom of the next heir to the Manor.

Two days of this sort of thing were endured by Miss Betsy in subjugated silence. On the third, during a forecast of Arnold's variety of punishment in the event of Hope's death, she ran out of the room. Reappearing with red eyes and a distressed aspect, she offered to read aloud to the other ladies from The Belle's Stratagem, which they were just then enjoying together; then, in the middle of the reading, broke down in a passion of sobs and again disappeared

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Miss Polly, a gentle little soul, sped after her comrade, and, without alluding to its cause, employed every soothing art to banish her Betsy's grief. From that hour she displayed also much finesse in always turning the chat from Captain Warriner's offense to Bowen's waxworks, the prospect of a review and sham fight by the few companies of militia the town could boast, the theatre in John Street, the high price of house rent (her papa having been asked to pay forty pounds a year for a moderate dwelling, with stable), the hairdresser's getting up to charge twenty shillings a month, the excellence of M. Singeron's marchpane and gilt gingerbread, whether Miss Champion's color was her own, and the birth of Mrs. Johnson's twins'

We who are privileged to read Miss Betsy's thoughts may know that day and night she dwelt on the image of the Captain, who had won her heart, vowing to herself that if the whole world went against him she would not

Editor's Note.—This story began in the Post of June 10.

The last stretch of the road was, as usual, the longest Lucilla, who had come post, traveling day and night and paying her way with gold to secure the best horses at every stage, was at close of day but just passing into the scattered village of Harlem, when her chariot, that had been dragging slower and slower, came to a full stop

"What is the matter?" she cried impulsively, letting down the glass to put her head out at the window

A dismal evening! After a day of hard rain a fog had crept up from the water to submerge the travelers, and the footman, appearing from under its gray curtain to answer his lady's call, exuded moisture at every pore

"Light the lamps, will you?" she went on. "I can see nothing And pray, why have we stopped?"

"It's the beasts, Mistis. They won't budge another step," said the black man patiently, while proceeding to take out of his pocket a tinder-box, and by the help of flint and steel to cast a faint illumination from the lamps into the surrounding gloom

"Don't be so stupid, Peter, or I'll sell you to some one who will teach you better sense. How dare you pretend these horses have broken down? Tell John Coachman I'll sell him, too, if he doesn't make them go on."

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Peter, grinning at a timeworn threat among her pampered slaves, answered his mistress serenely.

"Ain't no use telling Coachman, Mistis; it's jus' a fac' the leaders are dead beat, an' the wheelers most as bad. We've come at a mighty pace, Mistis, an' de mud's been nigh to the hubs in spots. If Mistis 'u'd give the order to stop at Marse Tom Clapp's tavern, a little piece beyond here, we might be so lucky as to get fresh hosses—that is, if Mistis *must* go on to-night

"Clapp's Tavern? We are near there?" cried Lucilla.

"Yes, Mistis, jes' a little piece further on."

The resignation in Peter's manner did not deceive his mistress. Nor did the hypocritical calm of her maid, Myrtilla, who, gaping and weary, now roused herself from her nap in the cushions opposite to listen to the conversation Mrs Warriner well knew that all three of her present bodyguard were acquainted with the merits of the famous roadhouse, where the pleasure-seekers of Gotham were in the habit of driving out for oyster suppers, turtle feasts and dances at all seasons of the year. More than once had Mrs. Warriner's attendants tasted the quality of its good cheer. "I don't believe a word you say about the horses!" she exclaimed, thoroughly annoyed. "You are a pack of good-for-naughts, who think of nothing but your suppers."

"Supper'd be might' good now, Mistis," replied the stolid Peter, "an' if Mistis don' trus' me 'bout the hosses, she's on'y got to git down an' look at 'em herself."

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Descending to the muddy ground, Lucilla followed Peter's lantern to the front, to find it as he had said. With dropped heads and tails quivering, mired to the middle, a reek of steam arising from their sides, the poor brutes gave plain evidence of their exhausted state. It seemed doubtful that they could pull on as far as Clapp's.

But amid shouts and adjurations from the men, and much cracking of the whip, the heavy chariot again lumbered forward, shortly coming to a halt before a long, low building, whose lights shone cheerful to the sight.

Great was Tom's astonishment and deference when he found what an important passenger the chariot contained He conducted Madam Warriner through the ordinary, with its pleasant aspect of every day, into the great, bare ballroom, where a fire of logs was ordered to be kindled on the hearth, then stood before her, his apron swelling with a sense of the honor done his house. To her demand for horses he demurred mournfully; to that for supper for her attendants as joyfully acquiesced.

"Indeed, ma'am, the best the house affords is at your orders; and I can back my cook to serve you a dish of broiled oysters and a roast partridge that would give satisfaction to any of the quality. Would you be pleased to have tea ma'am, or portwine negus, or a leetle drop of punch—Tom Clapp's punch—with a whiff of Cognac, a dash of old Jamaica, a squeeze of lime juice, and a slice of Seville orange? Not forgetting the water, though you must have had your full share of that to-day, ma'am, ho! ho! ho!"

"I said supper for my servants," interrupted the lady sharply. "The quicker the better—but horses—horses before all; surely you must have a pair that will take me on [illegible]

"Nothing in the stables at present, I'm ashamed to say ma'am. It sha'n't happen again, Madam Warriner. There's just a chance neighbor Simmons mayn't have had his nags out to day. It's a matter of half a [illegible] to Simmons [illegible] I'll send [illegible] straightway. Meanwhile you won't [illegible] to look [illegible] preparing a bite for you ma'am?"

"Go quickly—send quickly—bring me some horses quickly, and you may prepare anything you please," said the lady, pacing impatiently back and forth. "But stay, landlord—don't hurry off so. You must have later news than I. Has anything been heard about the condition of—of the gentleman whom my kinsman, Captain Warriner, was so unfortunate as to wound in an affair of honor recently?"

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"Surely, ma'am!" exclaimed Clapp, a light of intelligence breaking upon his puzzled face. "'Twould be only natural for you to feel mortal anxious on that score. Such a fine, noble gentleman as Captain Warriner is—so free with his money—many's the treat he's paid for in these rooms—and no doubt there was trouble behind it we know naught about. They do say——"

"For Heaven's sake, answer my question, and spare me what they say! Is Captain Hope recovering?"

"Captain Hope was alive at last accounts, ma'am, but very low. A party in Italian chaises drove out yesterday for a partridge supper, and if you'll believe me, ma'am, they brought Billy, the German fiddler, and his goblin wife, tucked away in one of the vehicles. Such a bow as Billy handled yesterday! It's never been beat under my roof; the little dwarf outdid himself. They do say, Madam Warriner, that Billy was taught his music by the great Mozart himself. And the dancing—such pigeon-wings and chassés. Lord, ma'am, you're looking ill! Shall I call your black wench for you—or my wife 'u'd be proud to wait on you herself——'

"You said Captain Hope was—very—low?" she repeated in a terrified whisper

"So one of the gentlemen said to the other in my hearing, ma'am. They've got him in a poor enough house—a joiner's in Sweetbrier Lane, near where they fought; but he's the best medical skill in the city, and friends are with him, and the gentry are flocking to ask for him all day long Nobody thinks of aught but Captain Hope's grave situation. That's not to say Captain Warriner has no friends, Madam Warriner Just at present he's keeping out of the way, and nobody knows his whereabouts. But, depend on it, he'll get off scot free. Everybody makes allowance for the hot blood of these buckish young dandies. I wouldn't take it so to heart, ma'am—that I wouldn't. There, her color's coming back, Lord be praised! Shall I send the women now?"

"Send no one, but your man to fetch the horses. Pay any price, and the sooner you get them here the better you, too, shall be paid. Go!"

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Boniface, eager to communicate some of his varied emotions to curious souls in the coffee-room, ran off at a dogtrot, and Lucilla dropped into a chair before the fire, which had now blazed up smartly and was diffusing its ruddy glare over the whole room

"'Still living, but very low.' Great Heavens, what might not have happened since this was said yesterday? Friends were caring for him! Who could have claimed this precious privilege?"

"CAPTAIN HOPE WAS ALIVE AT LAST ACCOUNTS, MA'AM BUT VERY LOW"

If he could only know that she loved him, that the going out of his young life would plunge hers into darkness! If she might only kneel at his side, win from his dying eyes one look of recognition, press a last kiss upon his lips!

No matter who looked on, she should not fear to reveal what he was to her. The world with its thousand tongues, its hydra-headed gossip, was nothing. Only to let him *know!*

Perhaps—and a shiver ran through her—he was past knowing anything; it might be he was already

Oh! not that, not that! In her anguish she sprang upon her feet and looked about her, trying to shake off the ghastly fear. The large, empty room with the narrow mirrors and hunting-prints in black frames divided by oil lamps set in sockets around the walls, the prim benches covered with red moreen, the musicians' dais at one end, the dark floor polished by the feet of many dancers, how they brought back the day last winter, soon after her first meeting with Laurence Hope, when they had been together here!

It was a great sleighing party that came out from town to find Tom Clapp's tavern warmed from the core by mighty fires and decked with garlands of spruce and holly. Every one was keyed to hilarity by the drive in crisp air, through a white world, under a sky of dazzling blue

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Could it be she—Lucilla—this woe-worn creature—who had then led down the middle of the reel with Laurence Hope?

She saw herself all in white like the heart of a Lamarque rose, a coif bordered with swan's-down upon her proud young head, a laugh upon her lips that seemed fixed there for all time

When the dance was proposed, her cousin and Hope had started together across the room to secure her as a partner Hope had reached her first, and Arnold had fallen back in vexation. On the way in to town she had accorded to Hope the place beside her occupied in going out by Arnold. Her cousin had taken offense, and had not come near her for a week That was the beginning of their rivalry

Pure coquetry possessed her then! Not a thought beyond

the hour, and the pride of absorbing the two handsomest men of the party. After that day Laurence had piqued her by seeming to draw back. She had tried to make him feel her power; and then without warning she had felt his power. "Her mind was crowned with him."

Oh! to think of his activity laid low; the heart she had made to quicken by a look or word, ceasing to beat; the hand that had clasped hers warmly, growing chill. And all for her! She could not deceive herself on this point. Arnold's letters had shown her his growing wrath and jealousy of Hope. The dark mystery was why Fate had brought the three of them together in this room, only to work out such results?

Lucilla could not eat the food they brought to her. She drank tea and crumbled bread, chafing at the delay.

The lapse of what, in those old, unhurried days, was really a short time for securing and harnessing new horses, seemed to her an eternity.

Through the night, onward! The mist from the river deepened, until all save a few yards on either side and ahead of the chariot lamps was swathed in gray. The men on the box, recognizing the spirit that impelled them from within, and warmed by tankards of Tom's ale after a liberal supper, urged the horses to their best speed, never heeding what might be in the way. Up hill, down dale the coach rocked, plunging through mire and water, and taking stones with absolute impartiality.

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Past mansion and cottage locked in the silence of the fog; along the high road from Boston, over the Kissing Bridge at Old Wreck Brook, past the poorhouse, the negro burying ground, the potbakers, tanyard, ropewalk and Jews' graveyard. John Coachman did not permit himself a word to his colleague till with a grunt of satisfaction he drew up at last before the Dog and Duck Tavern, at the beginning of the Bowery.

"We'se alive, Peter," was then his utterance.

The landlord of the Dog and Duck, bustling out to the rencounter of customers on this dripping evening, was, as it happened, an ex-soldier of Hope's war regiment. Lucilla, knowing this fact from Hope himself, had ordered a stop there, in the belief she would receive definite news from the invalid.

"No worse, thank God, but not to say better; his life hanging on a thread," answered the man, saluting to the inquiries from a lovely ghost who hung out of the coach window, looking as if she would devour him with her eyes. "'Twas to one Adamson's, a joiner, they took him first, and there he lies still, poor gentleman. 'Tis in Sweetbrier Lane, Madam, a little distance from the old City Hospital, behind which they fought in an orchard so overgrown 'twas a hiding-place none suspected. If the Captain dies the world and the service will be the losers, for a braver, nobler young officer I never served under—though he but a lad then, and I with gray hairs coming at the time."

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"Oh, thank you, my good man!" she cried fervently, putting a shining object in his hand. "You are very good, and I think you keep the nicest tavern on this road. To Sweetbrier Lane, Peter; and tell Coachman to try if he cannot drive a *little* fast."

The gold in his palm, from which he turned to stare after the departing chariot, convinced Corporal Stubbs, late of the Continental Line, that he was not bewitched. Narrating the incident to his wife, she called him a fool not to have seen how matters were from the first—of course 'twas the Captain's intended, and she'd thank Stubbs to hand that guinea over to her for safe-keeping before he should spend it on any old loafer that might come limping along declaring himself a veteran of the war.

Inside her mud-bespattered coach Lucilla cowered, striving for strength to encounter what might be to come. She thought nothing of fatigue, hunger, the ordeal of the journey. Every feeling was merged into intense present anxiety. And now the lanterns of the town, swinging at intervals upon ropes stretched before the houses, peered at them dimly through the fog. They passed quiet little homes, whose inmates had already gone to rest—Dogberrys, prowling moist and solitary, who gazed after them in astonishment at the apparition; and so to the quarter designated by the landlord of the Dog and Duck.

It was a modest suburb, given over to the dwellings of artisans, who esteemed themselves fortunate in possessing one of its small, detached cottages set in gardens on either side of an unpaved country road. At the turn into Sweetbrier Lane a smithy in full blast threw a red glare upon the way, making it harder for the horses to plunge into the Stygian darkness beyond. They came finally to a halt before the only dwelling wherein there was a light.

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And to this humble refuge had her beloved come? Poor Lucilla, stumbling between the wet bushes of a little path under Peter's escort, felt as if she were wandering in a dream. The sound of their footsteps startled from his attitude of utter despondency a man sitting on a bench in the shelter of an arbor of vines built as a canopy for the doorstone. As he got up with a dazed air, Lucilla uttered a stifled cry:

"Arnold, you here?"

"Yes, it is I, Lucilla; don't shrink from me, please; I am miserable enough, God knows. I have been coming here secretly and waiting these three nights past to see—to see what my sentence is to be. I could not breathe in that little room inside, hearing the clock tick and the noises overhead. Lucilla, would you mind if I come in with you now? It is cold, and my clothes are wet."

"How is he?" she asked, striving to keep the shudder out of her voice.

"Quiet for the last hour, and that gives hope. If he lives 'twill be thanks to his glorious little nurse. And Adamson—there are no words for his pluck and unselfishness about the whole affair. He feels for me, Lucilla, if you can't. He has given me leave to come and go in his house as I will. See, the door is on the latch, and we may go in. Now and again they come down to tell me how he is. If you could bear to be alone with me, send your servants back, and we will watch together. But you are tired; you have traveled far—will you not rather go home and let me see that you have the first news of a change?"

"When I came post from the Manor just to be near him?" she said, tightening her lips.

As they stepped indoors, his dress, brushing hers, drew from her a movement of repulsion that Arnold did not miss. The faint light from a taper of bayberry wax, floating in a saucer of oil upon the mantelshelf, showed each the other's face—hers pale, careworn—his, haggard, pleading, wretched. His discolored clothes were saturated with dampness, his eyes heavy for want of sleep, his expression that of one on the verge of extremity.

"Lucilla, don't turn from me! If I never have another chance, let me tell you here and now that before God I did not mean to kill him. My hand wavered when I saw he would not aim at me, and a cloud came over my brain. I saw myself as I was, and confusion filled my heart. I was totally unnerved when I fired the fatal shot. Lucilla, Adamson believes me, and he loves Hope like a brother. If the worst comes to the worst, I am prepared to make atonement by giving my own poor life. Should he die to-night I shall not be living by to-morrow."

—"but oh! speak, you have news; tell me"

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"Arnold, is that the part of a brave man?" she said, a sense of pity coming into her aching heart. "Will you not promise me to dismiss such terrible thoughts from your mind and, if it is as you say, to try rather to live down your misfortune?"

"I can no longer judge between right and wrong. My misery has left me weak and dizzy. For days to have wandered like Cain, hiding from the sight of men, knowing I had lost you forever, and carrying this awful weight——"

"I feel for you, Arnold, truly," she replied, stretching out her hand.

He would not take it, but fell on his knees beside her, clutching at the hem of her garment and crying like a child.

"Hush!" said Lucilla, starting suddenly, a rush of color coming into her cheeks.

There was a sound of footsteps on the narrow stairs. A man whom Lucilla did not know came into the room, and, seeing her, stopped in astonishment, looking from her to Arnold, who had risen and turned away his face.

"I am Mrs. Warriner," explained the lady with all her stately grace. "It has been very painful to come and find my cousin here, as you may know—but oh! speak, you have news; tell me—no, no, don't; I can't bear it yet, if it's not good. Tell me only that he—that he——"

"He will live!" said another voice, as Lucilla's was choked with tears. It was Eve who spoke solemnly, coming out of the shadow of the little entry to be among them—Eve, pale and worn, and the light of a great joy on her face.

Even in her moment of supreme relief, Lucilla was conscious of a new, dull pain.

"He is sleeping sweetly, and the fever is all gone," went on the girl joyfully, "and the physicians have told us that if this were so to-night he will get well."

Arnold Warriner, shaking like a leaf, turned and strode from the room, followed by Adamson.

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"And now that you are here," added Eve, with exquisite self-effacement, "he will do even better soon. If he should wake and find you near, instead of Luke and me, it would seem like Heaven to him. Since the first, he has thought of you, called for you till my heart ached because I couldn't satisfy him! Ah! Madam, should you need assurance, believe me, 'tis you only and always that has possessed his love."

"This from you!" stammered Lucilla, wondering. "You, whose happiness it was to come first to him when he fell—whose right it is to stay by him in this house——"

"It was my happiness to be of service to the child of my dearest friends and benefactors. And I have the right to remain in this house," she went on, her voice breaking, but holding her head bravely aloft, "because I am its owner's wife."

The words were scarce uttered when Lucilla, born again to radiant happiness and love and beauty, threw her fair arms around the other's neck and clasped her to her breast.

"Married—married to another man! And I could so misjudge you as to think you wanted him! Oh! I have been so afraid of you, have so dreaded lest you should some day draw him away from me. But I see now how, as usual, I have done wrong. I see that you are an angel of good news, and since you have saved him for me, I could go down on my knees to thank you and ask your pardon. Let me be your friend, your sister! Bring your good husband back again that I may kiss his hand and bless him for his goodness to my Laurence. For mine he is. I shall win him to full health, and make his life a glory with my love.

"What! crying now, dear soul, when all is well? Fie, you and I must smile together, and I must save your strength and let you rest. Go, find my cousin—bid him take my coach and servants and use my house as his own, and say I shall stay here. If you'll have me, that is—and you won't turn me out, will you—me that have come so far? And then take me to him—never fear I'll disturb him. I'll nurse him gently as I would a cradled babe. Ah! I can't wait—take me to him—quick, quick, quick!"

Eve bowed her head. She could not trust herself to answer, now that her sacrifice was made complete. She could not tell Lucilla that she had married Luke the morning after the duel—married Luke because otherwise there would have been no chance for her to be with Laurence and give him her hourly care.

Presently, hand in hand, the two women went up the stairs.

THE END OF PART I

Editor's Note—In New York of To-Day, the second part of The Circle of a Century, begins in next week's Post. It is a complete novelette in itself.

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A NEW USE FOR HORSES

By Charles Battell Loomis

I MET Scott Bindley the other day. Scott is a great schemer. I think he must be related on his mother's side to Colonel Sellers. At any rate, there isn't a day in the year that he doesn't think of some idea that should interest Capital, although Capital somehow fails to become interested. As soon as he saw me he said:

"Got a great scheme. Small fortune in it for the right parties."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Come into some cheap lunch place and I'll blow myself off to a meal and give you the particulars."

So it came to pass that we were soon seated in a restaurant which, if cheap, is clean, a combination rarer than need be.

"You've probably noticed that the more automobiles there are in use the more breakdowns there are."

I could but admit that it was so.

"Well, what is more useless than a broken-down motor-wagon?"

I would have suggested "Two," but Bindley hates warmed-up jokes, so I refrained and told him that I gave it up.

"It isn't a conundrum," said he irritably. "Nothing in the world is more useless than a broken-down motor. There are some vehicles of a boxlike pattern that can be used as hen-houses when they have outlived their initial usefulness, but who wants a hen-house on Fifth Avenue, corner of Twenty-fifth Street, or any other place where a motor vehicle gives out? The more I thought this over the more I felt that something was needed to make a disabled automobile of some use, and I saw that the man who would supply that something could make money hand over fist. So I devoted a great deal of time to the subject, and at last I hit it. Horses."

"Horses what?" said I.

"Why, horses to supply the motive power. Horses are getting to be a drug in the market and can be bought dirt cheap. That being the case, I am going to interest capitalists in the scheme, and then we will buy up a lot of horses and distribute them at different points in the city. Then when a man is out in his automobile and breaks down he will telephone to the nearest station and get a horse. This can easily be hitched to the motor by a contrivance that I intend to patent, and then the horse can drag the wagon to the nearest power-house, where it can be restocked with electricity, or gas, or naphtha, or whatever is wanted. Isn't it a great scheme? Why, sir, I can see in the future the plan enlarged so that people will always take a horse along with them when they go a-motoring, and, if anything happens, there they are with the good old horse handy. Talk about the horseless age! Why, horses are just entering upon a new sphere of usefulness."

I opened my mouth to speak, but he went on: "I tell you that if I can get the holders of automobile stock to cooperate with me I'll stop eating at places like this."

A look of such sweet content overspread his features that I told him to put me down for ten shares as soon as his company was organized. That was a month ago, and I haven't gotten my stock yet. But motors are becoming stalled every day.

LUCK and WORLDLY SUCCESS

By William Mathews

HOW far is worldly success or failure due to luck? There are some persons who, whatever the circumstances in which they are placed, seem doomed never to get ahead in the world. In the race for fortune or fame they are continually outstripped by other men with even inferior natural endowments and fewer helps at the start. Yet they never admit that their failure is due to their own fault. They attribute it to their hard luck, to the bad times, to the rascality of the men they have confided in, to the improper organization of society—never to their own indolence, folly or lack of brains. Instead of resisting their downward doom—putting forth the *vivida vis animi* of him

> "Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
> And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
> And breasts the blows of circumstance,
> And grapples with his evil star,"

they waste their days in bemoaning their lot, and become, at last, the victims of chronic apathy or despair.

That there is such a thing as luck, good or bad—meaning simply that men are sometimes aided and sometimes baffled in their efforts by agencies beyond their control or power to foresee—is indisputably true. Strictly speaking, indeed, there is no such thing as luck. Chance, fortune, etc., are ideas relative purely to our ignorance, and mean, not that certain events are regulated by no law, but simply that they are regulated by a law *which we cannot discern.*

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WHAT MEN CALL LUCK

It is only the lack of sufficient knowledge and of a calculus, sufficiently powerful, that prevents us from reducing all events, even those apparently the most fortuitous, to a certainty. But, using the word "luck" to denote only something apparently, not really fortuitous, it has undoubtedly much to do with human affairs. There are times in almost every man's life when, baffled at every turn, he would be almost forced, if he were a pagan, to believe that his career is directed by an ironical Fate, which delights to mock all his best plans and efforts.

WILLIAM MATHEWS

The ancients fully believed in Destiny, and so have some great men of modern times. Frederick the Great attributed his conquest of Silesia against fearful odds to "a certain good fortune, which often waits upon youth, and denies itself to advanced age. Does it not seem astonishing," he asks, "that all that is most refined in human prudence, joined to force, is often the dupe of unexpected events, of a certain *I know not what*, that sports contemptuously with the projects of men?"

Napoleon believed in his star. He was "the child of destiny," he said; and what men absurdly call his crimes were "a necessity." He declared that military science consists in calculating all the chances accurately in the first place, and then in giving accident exactly, almost mathematically, its place in one's calculations. "Accident, hazard, chance, whatever you choose to call it—a mystery to ordinary minds—becomes," he said, "a reality to superior men." Rothschild said that the best advice he could give a young man was: "Never have anything to do with an unlucky man. I have seen many very clever men who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them."

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HEREDITY A FACTOR IN SUCCESS

Eliminate from any man's career all that can be regarded as the natural results of his conduct, and much will remain that is purely fortuitous. Who can doubt that half the battle of life is won or lost according as an individual is well or ill born, physically, mentally and temperamentally? Certainly a good heredity and a good environment are powerful helps to success. With these one gets a happy start, a good send-off in the world; while, if they are both bad, he is sadly handicapped. "Men," says Emerson, "are what their mothers made them. You may as well ask a loom which weaves huckaback why it does not make cashmere, as expect poetry from this engineer, or a chemical discovery from that jobber." Galton has truly observed that a certain moral temperature is necessary to develop certain talents; without it they prove abortive.

When Goethe started in his career he had the entire civilization of Europe to back him; but what if he had been born in China, South America or Arabia? He himself has answered the question by telling us to fancy Béranger born away from Paris, and all the influences and opportunities of a world-city—born as the son of a poor tailor at Jena or Weimar. "Let him run his wretched career in either of these two small cities, and see what fruit would have grown on such a soil, or in such an atmosphere."

Again, how fortunate it was for Goethe that he was in affluent circumstances! Would he have been the many-sided man he was had he been cramped and tortured as was Jean Paul, or cribbed and confined as were Heine and Schiller, by poverty? Time, his long life, was a necessary element in Goethe's culture and achievements. A long, hard fight with adverse fortune, even if crowned at last with victory, would have deprived him of the books he needed, of access to all circles and classes of society, the means of travel, and all the other facilities he enjoyed for a rare and expensive culture, and probably would have shortened his life.

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IF NOT "LUCK," WHAT THEN?

Was it not luck—both good and bad—when Cæsar Borgia, with his father, Pope Alexander the Sixth, having determined to poison Cardinal Cometto, feasted the Cardinal for that purpose, but the butler by mistake presented the Pope and Borgia with the prepared glasses or goblets of poisoned wine, so that the would-be murderers fell into their own traps? Was it not luck when Dudley Dean, of the Rough Riders, who was in all the fighting at Las Guasimas and San Juan Hill, escaped without a wound? "The bullets," he says, "were flying all around me, for I was up in the front rank; but they either went over me or around me. I did not even get a scratch." Was not that marine marvelously lucky, of whom Rear-Admiral Sampson tells the following incident in the sea-fight at Santiago? "I noticed one man standing with his hand grasping a hammock rail as a shell struck the ship, ricochetted, and burst. One piece of the metal cut the rail on the side of his hand, another on the other side, so that he was left standing with a short section of the rail still grasped in his hand. Another portion of the shell passed over his shoulder, and another between his legs. He was surprised, but wasn't hurt."

On the other hand, what shall we say of the case of Peter Carr, an inmate of the County Poorhouse at New Platz, New York, who, on October 10, 1897, fell into the Delaware and Hudson Canal and was drowned? Directed to the unhappy man came a letter the very next day inclosing a check for $2000, being his share of a deceased sister's estate. Did not M. L. Écure, when young and poor, obtain the place of dentist to King Stanislas, of Poland, on the very day on which the King lost his last tooth? Did not Chatterton poison himself at the very time when the feet of one who would have relieved his poverty were turned toward the miserable street in which he died?

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MAKING THE MOST OF CIRCUMSTANCES

Let us acknowledge, therefore, that there is an element of chance in human affairs—that man is, to some extent, the victim of circumstances. His ablest efforts are sometimes rendered abortive by a counter-tide of disaster which he has not set flowing, and which he can neither stem nor turn. But let us remember that he is endowed with the power of acting upon circumstances, and oftentimes shaping them to his will. They are the wind and tide in the voyage of life, which the skillful mariner counts upon and uses to his advantage. As Burke says: "You have only to get into the trade-wind, and you sail secure over the Pactolian sands."

Life, as Walter Scott wrote to a young friend, is like a game of cards: our hands are alternately good and bad, and the whole seems, at first glance, to depend on mere chance. But it is not so; for, in the long run, the skill of the players predominates over the casualties of the game. In a vast majority of cases a man may make his own circumstances. "Fortune," said one of Napoleon's Marshals, Marmont, "may once or twice overwhelm with her favors a man who is not worthy of them; she may betray the finest combinations of genius, and humble a noble character; but when the struggle is prolonged, when events are multiplied, the man of true talents infallibly conquers her favors."

The true way to deal with adverse circumstances is to be a still greater circumstance yourself. Nine out of ten of the men who have been successful in their callings have fought the battle of life uphill. Instead of bemoaning their hard lot, they have bowed to the inevitable, and sought to turn it to their advantage. Instead of begging for an impossible chess-board, they have taken the one before them and played the game. The block of granite which was an obstacle in the path of the weak they have converted into a stepping-stone to a higher place.

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FLAWS THAT CAUSE FAILURES

Why does Cæsar's triumphant career give us an impression of predestination, even in its most trivial incidents? It was not through luck, although he believed in it, but, as De Quincey says, simply through the perfection of his preparations, arrayed against all conceivable contingencies—and which make him appear like some incarnate providence, veiled in a human form, ranging through the ranks of the legions—that he was enabled to triumph over all his foes. Look at that tireless toiler, Lord Brougham! Does anybody believe that by any combination of circumstances, except severe life-long illness, his talents could have been kept from asserting themselves and winning recognition? It has been said that if he had been compelled to begin life as a shoe-black he never would have rested till he had become the first shoe-black in England. The great mass of failures in life are due not to adverse fortune, but to some hidden defect of character, some imperceptible flaw in the brain. "A good character, good habits, and iron industry," says Addison, "are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of."

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GETTING A FOOTHOLD IN LIFE

Let every beginner in business remember that, though "outward accidents conduce much of fortune's favor—such as opportunity, death of others, occasion fitting virtue"—yet these accidents cannot avail him unless he has the ability to take advantage of them. Chance may bring a man a fine opportunity—open the door to a desirable position; but of what use is the opportunity if, like thousands of other men, he fails to perceive it, or hesitates and dawdles till it is gone?

Again, win what position you may by luck, you cannot *hold* it except by capacity and energy. In the keen competition of life a man's claims are adjudicated, sooner or later, upon the basis of what he actually is. A great opportunity, therefore, is worth to him precisely what his antecedents have enabled him to make of it. The only true index of his success is the quality of his work. "No man," says a wise writer, "who holds his position by mere tact, by the good will of others, by friendly influence, has any real foothold in life; he may be swept away in a moment. The time will come when tact will prove unequal to the strain of the situation, when friendly influence will prove unavailing, when the fortunate combinations cannot be made. He only is secure whose work is stamped with honesty and competency. He depends for his position in life on something which is a part of himself, not upon extraneous combinations of circumstances. *Put your strength into the doing of your work*, and the question of stability and success will settle itself."

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THE NEW OUTLOOK FOR YOUNG MEN

By Maurice Thompson

DOUBTLESS the wise man who first said "There is always room at the top," did not mean that every person could be accommodated with a conspicuous seat. We all understand life and its conditions well enough to realize how few of us are fitted to be exalted; indeed, common sense turns away the thought that every aspiring man and woman can force a way to supreme eminence; and upon the whole it is not desirable that there shall be a very large number of those dangerously gifted people called geniuses.

The healthy view to take of what life offers to young men has regard to the average. A youth has no right to assume at the outset that he is above the fair mean of his generation; but he is morally bound to accept the task of making the very most of himself and his honorable opportunities.

Said a great financier, the late Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia: "The secret of wealth-getting is honesty. In the first place, be honest with your own heart." He was an honest man. He began as the driver of an ox-cart in the Cherokee Hills, hauling pine-knot fuel to peddle on the streets of Canton, the county-seat. When he had saved a few dollars he read law, first having picked up a little education by studying at night. He was not a genius; his mind was slow to a degree; but he had the prime gift of persistence in a single line of purpose. Integrity, simplicity and cool judgment won cases for him against the splendid eloquence of far more magnetic men. From the bar he passed to the bench, from the bench to the Governor's seat, which he held for several terms; then he was chosen United States Senator.

The outlook for the young man now is far better than it was sixty years ago when Senator Brown began with the fund earned by driving oxen. The other day a young man, barely thirty-five years old, announced himself a candidate for the Senatorship in Indiana. He was poor, had worked his own way through college, had won an oratorical contest, and had been frequently called upon for public addresses; but no one was expecting him to step from a rather obscure law office to the place of national honor second only to that of the President. Pluck, energy, honesty, good address and manly earnestness won.

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The opening of a new century now near at hand will probably bring to young men unusual opportunities for successful careers. The whole world is expecting great changes in the activities of trade, commerce, invention; politics will have a new basis; agriculture will feel the impetus of a wider range of foreign demand; the stimulus of competition will give attractiveness to labors and pursuits which have hitherto been neglected, and the host of young men who are now cudgeling their wits to find an open course to making a competent livelihood will find not a gate closed across the path of him who has conscientiously trained his head and his hand.

It is easy to do what one is absolute master of. Indeed, this absolute mastery commands the fighting-deck of any trade, profession or labor, and to be best in anything honorable is to be secure of continual success.

There has been too much stress laid upon the examples of such men as Napoleon and Cæsar. Ambition is necessary, but unscrupulous thirst for power is another thing. The beautiful careers open to young men of average force and excellent training are far preferable to the feverish life of those who torture themselves and unsettle an age with a mad desire for personal aggrandizement. The youth who understands his own time and fairly estimates his own abilities is the one who safely builds for happiness. On the farm, in the shop, at the counter of trade, along the ways of average activities, the large majority of us must find our career. These are the roads that can never be shut up, and they are roads of honor, profit and happiness to the sincere worker who has mastered the details of his vocation.

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"Room at the top," then, means room for the conscientious, persistent, cheerful plodder, as well as for the brilliant and lucky plunger who breaks the barriers half by accident. The old story of the hare and the tortoise can never grow stale while the heavily trudging feet of the average toiler at details pass the wrecks of chariot and car once the seats of rushing ambition. It is not for the few that life is made, but for the many. The outlook for young men is not from the grandstand built for exceptionally endowed observers; nor should the rank and file of our youth understand that immensities of fame, power and glory are open to all.

Our present generation of coming men, youths of from fifteen to eighteen, can have not the least ground for fearing the temper and promise of the times into which their lives are going. Never before in the world's history has there been such a call from the near future to a rising army of eager workers. Science has probed the secrets of things, and the practical application of knowledge to all the lines of labor has lifted even menial services to a place of dignity, provided always that the operator is master of what he takes into hand.

It is true that competition has lessened, and must yet lessen, the wages of skill; but combinations of capital that can afford to accept very small dividends on immense investments have lessened, and will yet lessen, the price of necessary articles, so that there will be scarcely any decrease in the purchasing power of incomes. Moreover, activities bid fair to multiply in almost every field of industry. Discovery never flags, vast schemes of improvement and reform continually change the currents of effort, and with every new movement of capital and enterprise thousands of fresh opportunities fly open to the young men who are best prepared to enter and take hold.

Young men of to-day find their careers beginning on the rim of a profoundly interesting century almost spent, and the golden loop of a splendid new age lies before them, encircling such possibilities of stimulating discovery, change, readjustment and enterprise as never before presented themselves to a brave and earnest race of workers.

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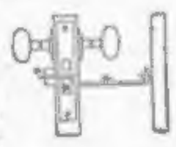

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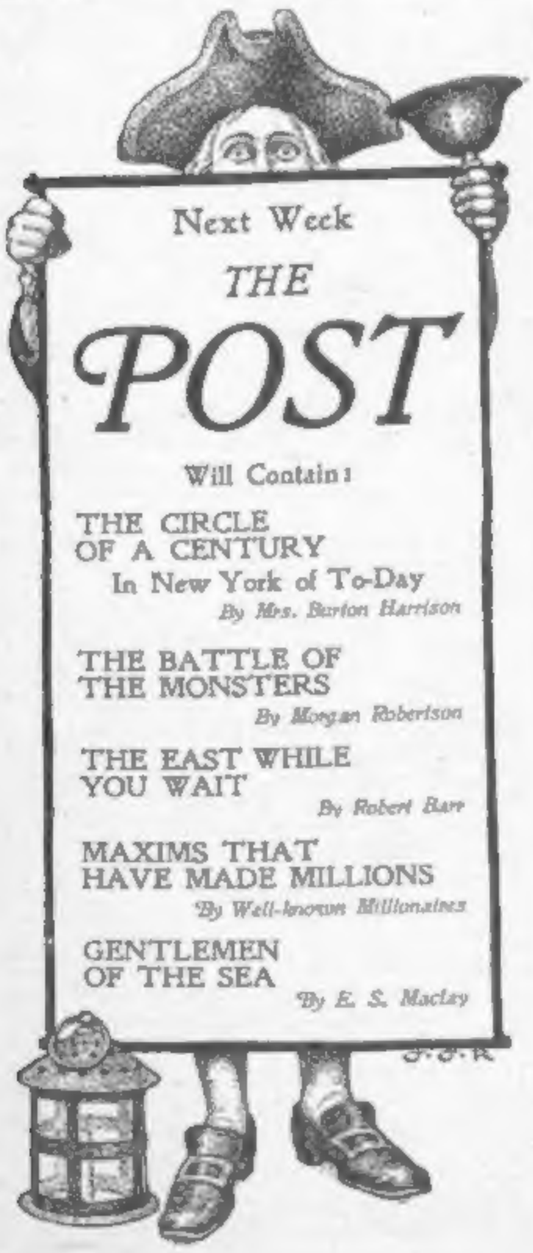

The BOOKS of the Week

The Right Kind of Gossip*

THE chief thing one wants in a book of reminiscences is gossip—personal details. The ideas of great men are the common patrimony of mankind; each great man, in reality, possesses only his eccentricities. And these odd details are the ones we want to know.

Thales, quite as well as Socrates, might have said "Know thyself," but there in prison, just before drinking the hemlock, he would not have rubbed his leg in precisely the same way. Aristotle's opinions are common property, but I should like to erect a monument to the biographer who told us that the old philosopher wore a stomach-pad filled with hot oil. To know that Aristophanes was bald; what Dr. Johnson did with his orange peels; that Milton rolled the letter "R"; that Spenser was a little short-haired man, who wore a big plume in his hat; that Erasmus did not eat fish—these are the things that make biography worth while.

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A Footnote to the Age

The Reminiscences of Justin McCarthy, M. P., is a book of just the right sort. It is gossipy, familiar and good-natured. Mr. McCarthy is not a wit, and it would be a futile task to explore these two big volumes for smart sayings or quotable anecdotes. Happily, there are many things better than jokes—for instance, observation and character-reading, which Mr. McCarthy has in a large measure. As proud mammas say: "He takes notice." His Reminiscences abound in felicitous descriptions and apt character-studies. Indeed, the book is a worthy companion of A History of Our Own Times, and both are rich quarries for the future historian of the Victorian era.

During his long public life as journalist and statesman Mr. McCarthy has met a great many distinguished men and women. He writes of them with great fairness and—if one may except a few brother-Irishmen—with kindly appreciation.

He went up to London in 1852 and found to his amazement that the smart young men in the West End were smoking short clay pipes. The literary princes of the day were Dickens, Thackeray and Tennyson. Dickens, Mr. McCarthy avers, was the greatest of after-dinner speakers, and next to him he ranks Lowell and Chauncey Depew.

Among Mr. McCarthy's earliest friends was John Bright. Far more interesting than his political opinions was John Bright's theory of the novel.

"Make up your mind," he advised, "to write novels all about good people. The very fact that there are bad persons in real life, and that we are sometimes compelled to meet them, is the strongest reason why we should not be compelled to meet them in the pages of fiction, to which we turn for relief and refreshment after our dreary experience of unwholesome realities."

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The Darwin Theory of Endings

This reminds one of Darwin's protest against the "unhappy ending" of stories and novels, "against which a law should be passed."

A journey to America brought Mr. McCarthy into touch with many famous men. He met Bryant, a "majestic old man," in whom there was a fund of "eternal youthfulness"; Walt Whitman—"the real charm of manhood in him and in all that he wrote"; Horace Greeley, bald, spectacled, in a shocking bad hat; Wendell Phillips, who "would not even attend a dinner-party where any of the guests drank wine."

"It's a pity he carries his principles so far," said Mr. McCarthy.

"Well," said Emerson, "let us give him, at all events, the credit of his hair shirt."

Another time Wendell Phillips brought Frederick Douglass into a hotel dining-room in New York. This was long after the war, but all the ladies rose and scurried out of the room. It should be said that Mr. McCarthy (perhaps because he is an Irishman) does not write of this country with the patronizing air and in the "pitying, pardoning style" adopted by the usual English traveler. Lowell could never have found a nook for him in his memorable essay, On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners. There are capital vignettes of Beecher, Meade, Banks, Sheridan, Custer, and other war heroes. The author once asked General Grant what he considered the most important qualification for a military commander.

Grant thought for a while and then said, "Patience"—a characteristic answer.

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Little Sketches of Famous People

Brigham Young, in a "gray frieze coat, with brass buttons," is described as a "rough kind of Coleridge."

One catches a glimpse of George Eliot, "the long, pale, colorless face," and hears again the George Lewes anecdote. This brilliant man of failure had written a series of articles on Success in Literature.

"Success in literature!" said Dickens. "What on earth does George Lewes know of success in literature?"

Matthew Arnold is happily labeled "a miniature Goethe," and George Meredith is awarded the epithet "faun-like." Hawthorne passes in "a great, gray shawl, his little son Julian trotting by his side." You meet Whistler, a "combination of the American humorist and the Parisian gamin"; Henry James, who "sparkles on trivial topics"; Parnell, of whom Mr. McCarthy says: "I never met a better-bred man in my life," and who said of himself, "I am nervous about being disliked—I hate to be hated"; Froude, "a wild and skipping spirit," and many another notable person.

Mr. McCarthy has looked about in the world with his kindly, critical old eyes, and very little that is of contemporary interest has escaped his notice. He chats of theology and Charles Kingsley, who "always took the wrong side," quite as entertainingly as of Tyndall and science, or Joe Jefferson and the stage. Indeed, the book is a sort of department store, where every one may find what he wants. There is a good index, too, to serve as floor-walker.

His best anecdote? Perhaps Mr. McCarthy must rest his fame on this:

"For hours Carlyle had swept along on the tide of his denunciation of this and that, while Allingham, mildest of men, listened meekly. At last Allingham ventured to say, 'But, Mr. Carlyle——'

"Carlyle cut him short.

"'Eh! William Allingham,' he broke forth, 'you're just about the most disputatious man I ever met! Eh! man, when you're in one of your humors you'd just dispute about anything!'"

—*Vance Thompson.*

• • •

NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

Bret Harte's Methods.—Bret Harte, who is living comfortably in bachelor quarters in the West End of London, is an industrious and extremely painstaking writer. He never writes a story unless he has an order for it. He does not submit his manuscripts for inspection. Mr. Harte formed the habit several years ago of dictating his stories to a typewriter, but he always employs one special operator.

Anstey's Annual Output.—F. Anstey's new book, Love Among the Lions, is likely to be one of the successes of the year. Mr. Anstey has a decided following in this country, founded upon his Vice Versa and The Giant's Robe.

In his private life in England the author is known as F. Anstey Guthrie. He is in the neighborhood of fifty years of age, and is very methodical and industrious in his literary output. He generally writes a book a year.

A Western Humorist.—Hayden Carruth, whose short humorous stories of Western life have given him a vogue in magazine circles, was once a school-teacher in Minnesota. About fifteen years ago he started a weekly humorous paper in Sioux Falls, Dakota, with Sam Clover, now managing editor of the Chicago Post. He went to New York about eleven years ago, and stepped into an editorial position on the Tribune, which for the first time in its career employed an intentionally funny man on its staff.

A New Writer of Animal Stories.—A new and hitherto unannounced rival to Governor Roosevelt and Ernest Seton Thompson in the authorship of animal stories has been put into the field. He is Hamblen Sears, once editor of Harper's Round Table, and still connected with the Franklin Square house in a business capacity. Mr. Sears was Captain of the Harvard football team of '89, and is an enthusiastic sportsman of international experience. His Fur and Feather Tales relate personal incidents not only in this country, but in Norway and France.

* The Reminiscences of Justin McCarthy, M. P. *Harper Brothers.*

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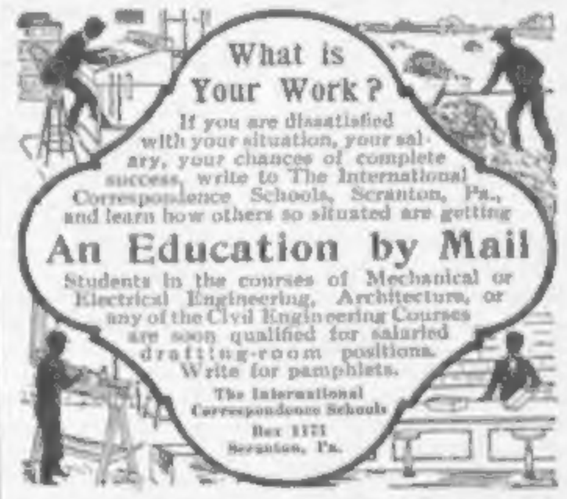
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HUNTING DOWN THE BUFFALO

How Nine Million were Killed In Ten Years

By Colonel W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill)

THE most savage periods of the brutal age of the world never shed more blood than ran on our Western prairies hardly thirty years ago, when in one brief decade the rifles of the hide-hunters utterly exterminated the millions of buffaloes that trampled the plains west of the Missouri, north of the Red River of the South, and south of the Red River of the North.

I hardly dare state the grand totals I used to hear Kit Carson or old Jim Bridger give to their off-handed buffalo census in my boyhood days on the plains. It was millions and millions, and they were men who knew if any men did. As late as 1869, however, General Sherman reported nine million buffaloes on the prairies, and this was a conservative estimate. Ten years later these vast herds were completely wiped out—a whole division of the animal kingdom stung to death by the bullets of wasteful professional hunters, who left millions of pounds of fine meat rotting in the sun.

Seemingly, it was a pitiful waste of the natural resources of our country; but as I look back upon it, I see now that it was a sharp, quick way of ridding the plains of a cumbrance that had to give place to a wiser use of these fine grazing lands. It was another instance of civilization getting what it wanted and never minding the cost. Civilization wanted the West, but it had no use for the Indian or the buffalo it found in possession of the West; and the Indian and the buffalo had to go, as all things go, before the relentless march of the white man. We could not make useful citizens of the Indian, and we could not run our brands on the buffalo, so now there are few Indians and no buffaloes. Extravagant as may seem the slaughter, the country is as much better for it as cities are better than tepees, and as Durham cattle are better than buffaloes.

COL. W. F. CODY

It is not yet hard to find men who can remember riding for days through mighty herds of buffaloes too contemptuous of us in their numbers to mind the crack of a rifle in the least. At night we had to place guards around our camps to prevent these great herds from trampling us out of existence. We found fresh herds in almost every direction, though each herd stayed pretty much on its own chosen range, wandering only a hundred miles or so here and there.

They chose the uplands for their ranges, where the crisp buffalo grass was plentiful and water good. They did not migrate in winter, but stubbornly faced the fiercest blizzards, relying for warmth on the hair matted thick about their shoulders.

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HOW THE REDSKINS HUNTED THE BUFFALO

While the buffalo was food and clothing and shelter for the Indian, the Indian played no considerable part in the extinction of the species. The buffalo is a slow breeder, the cows dropping calves only once in two or three years, but the arrows of the Indians never diminished their number. The Indians were bold riders and good hunters, but they killed only to satisfy their own immediate wants.

Nor did the herds suffer greatly from the rifles of the early trappers and scouts who conducted wagon trains across the plains to California. These men were famous shots, and hunted on horseback in bold dashes on the herds, as the Indians hunted, but they had no way of reaching a market with hides and meat, and killed only to supply the needs of the parties they were conducting.

After the Civil War, when Uncle Sam began to multiply his posts in the great West, some of the best of these plainsmen became hunters for the Government, and buffalo meat was an important part in Army rations out there. We began to use breech-loaders about that time, and the buffaloes fell faster. I still have an old .48 Springfield which I used when hunting for the Government, and I suppose I must have killed fifteen thousand buffaloes with it.

But it was the whistling of locomotives, crawling farther and farther along the plains, that sounded the doom of the buffalo. Angry bulls might lift their shaggy heads and bellow defiance at the strange noise, but the screech of steam valves proclaimed an inexorable fate coming upon the herds. The Creator of all things drew two thin lines of iron across the lease of life He had given to the buffalo and canceled it. For the markets of the world were open to the hide-hunters, and the heavy old Sharps began to crack faster.

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COLONEL CODY'S NICKNAME

Even before the railroads were finished the real attack on the herds began. The railroad builders found this supply of fresh meat very convenient for feeding construction gangs, and good buffalo hunters, who were not afraid to face the hostile Indians which hovered about, were in great demand. In 1867 I began killing buffaloes for the Kansas Pacific, and shot nearly five thousand of them to feed the laborers who were building that line. It was from them that I first got the name of Buffalo Bill. For a long time this road, which afterward became the Union Pacific, used buffalo heads as an advertisement, and I used to save for this purpose the handsomest heads I killed.

It was when the railroads got in operation on the plains that an army of hide-hunters appeared and sealed the fate of the buffalo. They were a strange class of men, developed by the peculiar circumstances of their trade, and they disappeared with the buffalo. They flourished in the ten years between 1870 and 1880, during which time they completely exterminated the herds. Buffalo hides, dried green, brought three dollars apiece, summer and winter alike. The skins were used not so much for robes as for leather of a somewhat inferior grade.

Ten or twelve men, with several wagons, made up a hide outfit. They set out from some railroad point, got among a herd, and camped on their trail day after day until they had wiped out the whole herd. From time to time they sent back wagon-loads of hides to the railroad and shipped them to Eastern tanneries. The best men in these outfits were the hunters, who used heavy Sharp's rifles and stalked their game on foot. The rest of the men were skinners, who followed the hunters, stripped off the hides of the victims, and left the meat to rot.

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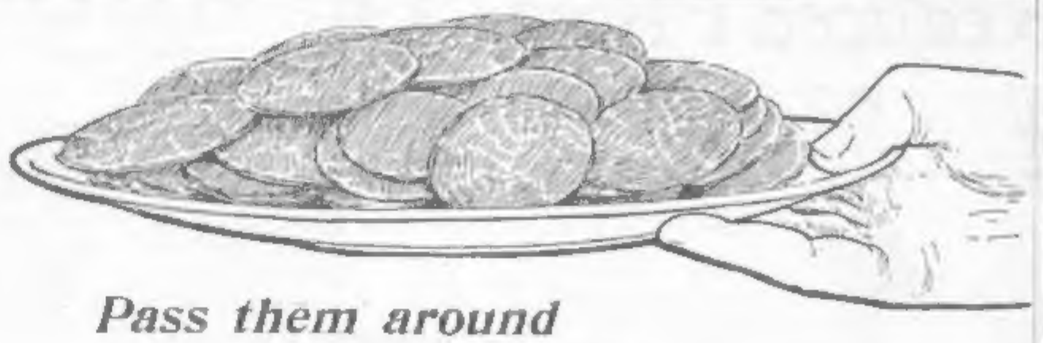
THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE OF THE BUFFALO

Now the bone-pickers appeared on the scene. The vast herds no longer thundered over the plains, but millions of skeletons lay bleaching in the Western sun. The bone-pickers diverged from various railroad points with wagon trains, and, following the routes of the hide-hunters, loaded their wagons with the bones of the buffaloes where the hunters had slain them. These bones were carted back to the railroads and shipped East; so the buffalo became commercial fertilizer. Great ricks of bones, piled higher than a house, appeared by the sides of the railroads, and long lines of box cars heaped with bones crawled East over the plains. This was the funeral cortège of the buffalo.

All this while great herds of cattle were being driven north over the trails from Texas and Mexico, and, rapidly increasing, filled the ranges which had been cleared for them by the slaughter of the buffalo. Now came another class of men, quite as picturesque as the other early types of the plains. These were the cowboys; rude, and tough, and reckless, and manly, and brave, leading lives full of hardships and perils and grit. They were better men than the hide-hunters and the bone-pickers whose places they took. Civilization had cleared the ground of the buffalo to make room for cattle.

Possibly far north in the heavily timbered wilds of British Columbia a few mountain buffalo may live in timid seclusion, soon to vanish. Personally, I saw the last of the buffalo in a lonely valley in Northwestern Wyoming not many years ago. Riding one morning over a divide, I looked down into a little valley, peaceful, and quiet, and very still. The rising sun shone pityingly down upon three thousand skeletons, gleaming white in the grass, eloquent of the passing of the mighty hosts of buffaloes.



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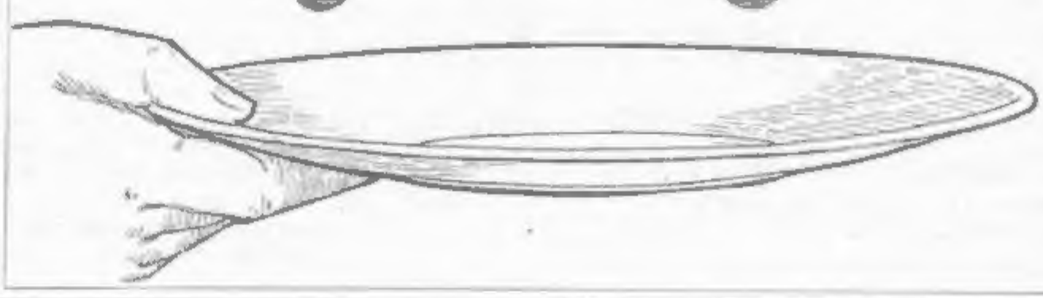

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